MRS. BOOTH'S LONDON CAMPAIGN

A BRILLIANTLY SUCCESSFUL DAY.

$100 Dollars for London Citadel and Some Sinners Saved.

Thermometer between 80° and 90° C.P.R. train Union Depot, Toronto. The Editor arrives with full equipment, namely: toothbrush, comb, two handkerchiefs, waterproof coat and the banjo. It is nearly 4 p.m. Mrs. Booth and her Secretary are due on the cars now. Crowds of marketers and visitors, in lightest summer attire throng the train, but the banjo preserves the seat intact while I go from end to end of the Station seeking the specials. The bell rings, "now all aboard," the train moves out. Will Mrs. Booth miss the train? She never does. Parkdale we call at, perhaps Mrs. Booth will board the car there.

—:—

Parkdale is reached. Again the banjo is up to guard the seat. Ah, there is Mrs. Booth, the Commandant and Victor are there too. See Mrs. Booth is kissing a good-bye to Victor, but no, he does not understand why he must lose the charm and halo of a mother's sacred presence—and yet his training will bye-and-by produce in himself equal willing self-abnegation. What he fails to understand now he will glory in doing later. How like the child of another growth in the school of grace, the much dreaded cross of to-day shall become the beautiful privilege of to-morrow. "Good bye, Victor."

"No, no, no—I-mamma!" and the tears fill his bright blue eyes; Victor is in the Commandant's arms, but he struggles to be free—oh, heart, why art thou so often running in the direction opposite to duty?

—:—

Ho-ho-ho—the banjo has failed, the seat left a moment before has its contents floored, and a middle-aged man with a lady companion have ensconced themselves there—his only reply to our remonstrance on behalf of the ladies—"Oh, you should keep in your seats"; instantly, however, a *gentleman* vacates his seat and leaves the space free for Mrs. Booth and her Secretary. We should say the first man was probably brought up outside Canada.

—:—

"You will have to change cars, I will find you and the ladies a seat further up the train," this from the brakeman with the universal politeness for which the Canadian Pacific Railway officials are noted.

—:—

London Railway Depot reached, 8 p.m. Such a crowd! What is it? Is an excursion train about to leave? Ah! there is Brigadier Margetts—a hearty hand-shake from Mrs. Booth and the Brigadier is free to pilot the visiting party through the throng of citizens to the carriage in waiting. Here are more people, ladies in white in abundance, as well as many of the citizens of London; of course it is easy to see who is the centre of attraction, it seems almost a pity Mrs. Booth was not apprised of the opportunity to say a few words of greeting to these worthy citizens who came to welcome her to the beautiful city, and who are so kindly disposed to our grand Army work and its gracious co-leader at the head. Hurrah for London!

—:—

But we are outside the station. The soldiers' muster is good; the band strikes up, colors wave, flag whirls, musical instruments glisten, faces are bright with animation. What people these Salvationists are for being *en fête!* The procession, accompanied by a goodly number of people, passes to the centrally situated Market Square, where till a late hour an attack is made on sin, drink, and the devil, in old-fashioned style. It is a large crowd that has assembled, and they listen splendidly. Ah, this privileged land! This free country! This open Bible! This everywhere preached salvation! What responsibility is involved! Look to it, citizens, quit you like men—like men of God. A civic heritage, bought by blood and heart-sweat, is yours. Value it.

—:—

"Brother West, our London treasurer, he is to be your host."

"Yes, thanks; good night, Major Calhoun and comrades, who maintained the cause of the Master in the open-air."

Brother West in his civil capacity supplies the city with the bread that perishes, and in his capacity as Salvation Army local officer by various public exercises and private actions as opportunity offers holds forth to perishing souls the Bread that perishes not. He has been associated with the Army in London, Ontario, since its inception. He has a love for the drunks especially, and will rescue them if possible. He says, "There is ——, three times we have picked him up; on the last occasion he said, 'I'm so low down and disgraced that it's the river for it if I cannot alter my ways.' He professed to get saved, and we did our best to help him in other ways. In a few months he became very *respectable*; then the Army was not good enough for him, and so he left us. Not long since I saw him down in the gutter again as drunken and dissipated as ever."

There is sometimes a sneer when the Army convert falls back, but I ask, "How, in all fairness, can a particle of blame be attached to the Army in a case like this—one of many similar cases, too?"

The only other way to ensure success in any small degree is to use a method similar to a successful venture one of the comrades tried on a drink-slave some time ago. "I locked him up for a week till he had got over the drink craze," he said. This is good sometimes, but as an organization we employ not force but *moral suasion*; more potent in the long run by far.

—:—

Give praise where due. It is due to London. That park for the people, it, too, is "a thing of beauty and a joy." Queen's Avenue, with its broad, green sward on either side, and its exquisite villas and mansions, is three miles of loveliness. Even the Thames, as we crossed the trestle bridge to go to knee-drill, added to its own charm by reflecting such a likeness of cloud fleece and azure blue, that the whole heaven seemed to have descended into those few feet of water. London's stores on the main streets are most imposing, as also the many banks and other public buildings. No wonder the citizens say, "You can have the old land, I'm satisfied here!"

—:—

As to the position the Army occupies in the mind of the city, the following gives its own verdict. The Army applies for permission to hold a Sunday open-air meeting in the park. The mayor and seventeen aldermen vote in favor of the Army, only one opposes it. Every reasonable liberty is gladly granted the Army in its open-air tactics, besides which the use of the City Hall has been given us free repeatedly. Brave, London. The great London is a singularly free city, our London worthily follows suit.

—:—

Brigadier Margetts's concertina a-going, Major Calhoun, Staff-Captain Collier, Captain Baker, and a good number of praying folk assemble at the Mechanic's Hall for seven a.m. prayer Sunday morning. Good.

—:—

Morning open-air and holiness meeting go well. At close of latter, two seekers come forward, then a wholesale consecration follows. We all go down into the pool, "angels troubling the waters." there is to be a revival, "we have conquered in three that are past," not sufficient, the now is to be filled with the Divine.

—:—

The afternoon open-air meeting is at the park. An attentive crowd listen under the shade of the rich, green trees. But the inside meeting. Ah, that is the time. Audience magnificent; the body of the hall fills, now the galleries—long unused—are occupied; the empty seats must be very few, one may say we have a full house.

—:—

Now Mrs. Booth enters. See! What a mark of respect and intelligent appreciation! Yes, and Londoners are chivalrous. The whole audience rises *en masse* and a terrific volley from the platform almost terrifies you. No lack of warm welcome here. Mrs. Booth must feel at home certainly. Yes, it is so.

—:—

During the meeting much is said of character, the heart, conscience, God, Christ, His dying love, Mrs. Brigadier Margetts tells of her past. Fifteen years ago, converted, yet not always the power to carry out her convictions. Twelve years ago, enabled to make a consecration of all to God, which meant crucifixion of self, nonconformity to the world, God's will everything. That consecration holds good to-day. Mrs. Margetts is clear, practical, incisive. But the time flies. See, it is nearly four o'clock and yet Mrs. Booth has not spoken, and it is so hot! Mrs. Booth sings and speaks. The effect is magic! The dedication of Staff-Captain Collier's little girl to the doing of God's will under the flag of the organization that believes it is foremost in that respect, has to take place afterwards. But will the people stay, and it is so hot! Yes, till the altogether exceptionally late hour of 4:45 in that almost tropical heat, and with an interest and attention that scarcely flags, and is in some instances literally riveted; they stay. Mrs. Booth captures them wholesale. Good again, London.

—:—

But, Brigadier Margetts, what have you done to bring the great number of people together, for crowds are not gathered by chance! Ah, here comes the secret of the full house—you have let the people know, and know in a kindly way, and kept on at it. The town is well placarded with posters; the Press, with great kindness, have inserted frequent paragraphs of the coming celebrations, besides a long sketch of Mrs. Booth's life; and then those complimentary cards, too, have helped, and so, too, in no small measure has the big double canvas advertisement fixed behind the pony which your esteemed Captain has been driving continually through the streets. Yes, the Brigadier and his officers have put in the work, and results are of course in proportion to the work done. *Well planned; plan well worked.* See?

—:—

We must eat our raspberries and drink our tea quickly, the time previous to the night meeting is brief. Once there, what a sight! The Mechanics' Hall is full this time. Again there is that beautiful sympathy and ardent attention exhibited. Brigadier Margetts makes a pointed address from an awful incident he witnessed once of death from drowning. That hand up for the last time, in a vain clutch at empty space, then sinking to rise no more is very affecting. Mrs. Booth sings

"Over and over again,"

and later that heart-soothing love song,

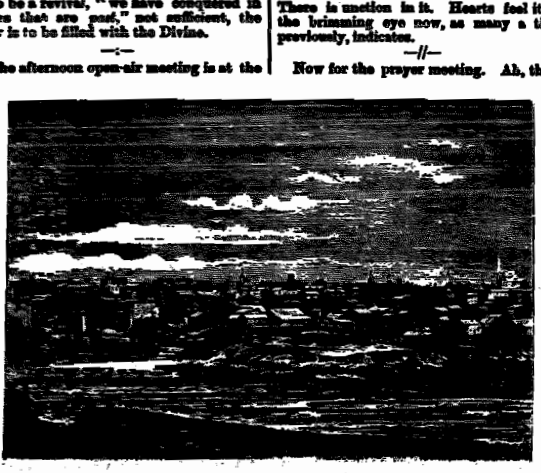
"Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;
There bring thy wounded heart, there tell thy anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

There is unction in it. Hearts feel it as the brimming eye now, as many a time previously, indicates.

—//—

Now for the prayer meeting. Ah, there is a lady speaking to Mrs. Booth. Mrs. Booth's always sunny face looks still more happy. What is it? (We know her object is to help in raising the money so much needed by the London people for their new citadel.) This it is. The lady will have no name mentioned, but "this is a fifty-dollar bill towards your needs." Praise the Lord. Blessings be multiplied to the kind donor. After the prayer meeting and our comrades who have come there have got the victory, Mrs. Booth has a meeting with the soldiers—a grand little meeting, too. God bless these soldiers. They are the veterans who have stood the battle's brunt for many a year. In fair weather and in foul they have nailed their colors to the mast, and they tell out of full hearts what great things God hath done for them, and some say no people but the Army would have attracted them, they were out of sorts with respect to all the existing religious world.

The finances for the day are, roughly, $100, and God's blessing manifested all along. Hallelujah!



LONDON, Ont.

A Social Officers' Council

LED BY

MRS. BOOTH.

It was with feelings of great expectation that we, the women officers of the Social Reform Branch in the Queen City, started out to the Social Farm where our beloved Mrs. Booth was staying for a little council.

The dust blew in clouds as we drove along the country roads in our large farm wagon, but the sweet scent of the new mown hay and the sights and sounds of country life more than counterbalanced any little unpleasantness. Dear Mrs. Booth was greeted with,

"I'm a soldier under the flag
Of yellow, red, and blue,"

as we descried her form in the distance.

After a shake hands and a few words of loving greeting to each, we were soon seated under the

Spreading Branches of an Apple Tree,

and as the strains of that beautiful song,

"Boundless ocean, I would cast myself in thee,"

floated softly on the calm evening air it seemed as if as in olden times in Eden "the Lord God came in the cool of the day" to talk with us.

Nowhere in the sweet scene before us could one trace of the call be seen until we came to those grand words, "Love that pardons past transgressions. Angels would the mystery scan." Then the thought of all the multitude of sin that He, our God of love, had pardoned since then brought such a glimpse of His character that we felt no matter what sacrifice, what suffering or loss we should have to endure in bringing a rebel world back to Him, it would only bring us joy; in fact, joy in service seemed to be the key note of the whole meeting. Dear

Mrs. Booth's Autoharp

was a very sweet accompaniment to the singing.

Ensign Tierney, of the Children's Shelter, said she never felt so happy before; they were having a real revival, and four of the children seemed to be really converted.

Lieutenant Holman said she was satisfied with her present circumstances and had given herself fully to God, and had taken nothing back.

A lieutenant said she wondered at first why she had been placed in rescue work, but God had given her a great love for it now.

Ensign Cowan spoke of the privilege of working for God, of the sweet rest of knowing that everything He does is right—is for the best. She said she believed there was a glorious future ahead of the Social Work.

Several others spoke.

In the midst of our meeting loud sounds of "Get up there, Jim; whoa, get up there," and with this a desperate effort was made by the two horses and several farm men, and a huge wagon loaded with hay was landed safely on a hill top near us. If all the crops on the farm turn out as good as the hay crop they will be good indeed.

Mrs. Booth spoke from the verse, "Grace be with all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," and dwelt on the word sincerity, uncorruptness, showing that it was the first qualification necessary in the life of an officer; having it we can do everything in the right spirit.

Sacrificing Cheerfully,

giving up without a murmur, we could do our work conscientiously, to be careful that our manner always should represent the

LONDON COURT HOUSE, with a glimpse of the Gaol in the rear.

Lord, so that others might be won to Him.

Mrs. Booth also spoke of the great honor of being chosen of God to be engaged in His work, of the responsibility that rested upon us, to be examples to all around. As dear Mrs. Booth spoke of her love and confidence in each of us, I am sure we all felt that it should never be misplaced.

God, indeed, spoke to us, and we felt sorry when it came time to separate. After partaking of some of the milk from the Model Dairy, which was indeed good, we again mounted the farm wagon. The dear Commandant and Mrs. Booth rode in it with us as far as the street car, and we parted with another happy memory added to many others.

A Visit to Hamilton.

A pleasant place is that mount. True, it reminds one of the rocky path that Bunyan speaks about. About a mile and and a half from the city, and most of the distance a straight uphill pull, it was really surprising that our comrades and friends should have overcome this difficulty in their determination to be present at the camp meetings. However, they came in crowds, and at each evening service the large tent was packed out; indeed, at some of the meetings there was not standing room.

It was a pretty sight. Standing on the mount one had a beautiful view of the whole city and the bay beyond. The people on foot, and with horse and rig, presented quite a picturesque sight as they wended their way around the skirt of the mountain, or the more venturesome as they clambered over the rocks and came up the steep sides of the mount. Anyhow, they came, and the interest was unflagging; indeed, the last congregation was the best of all.

That little crack band deserved all the compliments the Brigadier showered upon them. Every day at noon they were found on the Market Square, publishing the tidings of salvation. Each afternoon a holiness meeting was conducted, and every night they played, sang, and marched to their hearts' content. No wonder they declared that the mountain agreed with them, and their appetites had increased. God bless the boys.

Captain Green is just the man to get a move on, and one ceases to wonder at the stirring accounts reported from Feversham, after seeing our dear comrade in action on the mount. The Brigadier christened him "The Hallelujah Windmill." Firing a volley, he jumps on one leg, whilst the other goes around in a twist, difficult to describe. One hand appears to be heavenward, whilst the other points to the infernal regions, and the manifestations remind one of a small dynamite explosion. Anyway, the boys were highly delighted, and our Hamilton friends have given our camp meeting leader a standing invitation to return.

The afternoon meetings were times of refreshing. God wonderfully helped our ... to explain the way of full salvation, and many a soul gave thanks to God for the light and power that fell upon them during these afternoon gatherings.

Mrs. de Barritt had arranged to go to the Falls with the party on Monday; but seeing the glorious opportunity that presented itself for the continuance of the fight on Monday, she decided to stay behind and stick to the helm, whilst our other comrades left for the Falls.

The meetings were blessed of God, and from every hand we heard expressions of gratitude for the goodness of God as exhibited in these two gatherings. Praise God for souls saved.

The work of getting up this tent and seats right to the top of the Pisgah-like mount, was an herculean task. Our comrades persevered at it, however, and everything was in apple-pie order. Fortunately the tent was strong, or the Sunday afternoon's gale—which we shall never forget—would most certainly have swept the whole tent over the mountain side. What would have become of the mass of people beneath it, we know not. How that wind blew to be sure; the deluge reminded one of the days of Noah. Our comrades held on to the ropes in sheer desperation, and amidst it all the meeting proceeded. Testimonies were given, songs were sung, and a collection of $4 taken up. It takes more than a gale of wind to prevent the Salvationists taking up a collection, and trotting out the penitent form.

Brother Hunt, who kindly billeted the Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt, and also so willingly looked after the war steed, was kindness itself, and the hospitality of himself and wife will not be forgotten by their visiting comrades. May God bless and reward them.

Quite a host of officers have taken part in these gatherings; in addition to the Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt there have been Ensign Turner, Captains Frink, Green, Gibbs, May, and Woodrich, whilst our comrades from No. I. and II. were in evidence all the time.

The closing night meeting was a memorable one. Realising the awfulness and responsibility of this last opportunity, souls came forward in broken-hearted penitence to God. Although late the platform was removed from one end of the tent to the other, and heavy, salvation shot poured into the crowd of people who were outside, and who were unwilling to receive the Turkish bath inside, and who did not often have the privilege of listening to the glorious news of the Cross.

That last final charge we shall not soon forget. God wonderfully touched the lips of every speaker. Miss Neal, who was present, also spoke very effectively, whilst our salvation comrades plunged in the sword right up to the hilt. How those guilty sinners trembled and quailed beneath the power of God, and we felt as never before what an awful thing it is to reject the strivings of God's Spirit. May God have mercy upon these unsaved souls who listened to the Gospel message that night.

Some remarkable testimonies of God's saving and converting power were given during the meetings.

One of our dear comrades declared that the blessing of a clean heart had helped him to love the white folks, as before that time he never cared to mix and associate with them.

Another comrade, who now rejoices in God's salvation, spoke of the miserable days he spent in the devil's service, when he would return home drunk with an aching heart and with a head two or three times its normal size; indeed so frequent was it the case that at last he hit on the novel expedient of having two or three hats of different sizes, so that he would always have one to fit. Thank God he is now soundly converted and saved.

And thus the Hamilton camp meetings are a thing of the past. Many souls look upon them as blessed memories.

THE QUESTIONS.

What has the world to give thee
  That thou holdest its hand so fast?
It gives thee pleasure and laughter,
  Can it give thee peace at last?
It calls and thou followest after,
  In the track of its car with speed;
Its pathways are strew'd with earth's flowers,
  Dost thou know where these pathway's lead?

What has the devil to give thee?
  Thou hast wrought for him faithfully;
Thro' life's morning, and noon, and e'en,
  None has been thy master but he.
Thou hast worked and hast played—art thou weary?
  He will give thee thy wages, he saith,
They will come at the end of the journey,
  And what are the wages? Death.

What can thy heart do for thee?
  Is it strong enough to save?
Is it wise enough to guide thee
  To the land beyond the grave?
Thou thinkest it strong—it is feeble;
  Firm—it is tempest-tost;
Free—'tis the slave of Satan,
  Thou thinkest it safe—it is lost.

What hast the Saviour to give thee?
  He gives Himself to thee,
He gives thee peace and pardon,
  And life for eternity.
His presence for life's rough pathway,
  His voice through the din of the strife,
His smile at the end of the journey,
  And His love which is "better than life."

M. Marriott, Auxiliary.

A very pleasing incident occurred at Detroit IV. A United States soldier, in full uniform, stood around the open-air ring listening to the songs and exhortations of our comrades, and before the meeting was over the Holy Ghost took such a hold upon him that he volunteered right out of the crowd, knelt at the drum-head, sought the pardon of his sins, and became gloriously converted. With recommendable readiness of thought someone placed the United States flag in his hands, and this new soldier of the Salvation Army marched at the head of the procession carrying the colors.

'HELLO, CENTRAL!'

THE FIRE OF THE SALVATIONISTS AND THE WATER OF THE BAPTISTS GET UP STEAM.

Thank God, we are decidedly alive! With a travelling camp brigade, a musical troupe, and a minstrel brigade, the fire burns quite fierce. Well, what is the Salvation Army if it isn't alive?

We were alive last Friday. In the morning the Brigadier met the cadets and lieutenants of the city in council. As the writer happens to be a little farther up the ladder of fame he was excluded; more's the pity. However, from the sounds of music that came through the windows of the council chamber, and from what could be afterwards gathered, they spent a profitable morning. When these comrades attain to higher heights of bliss they, too, will be found saying, "Oh, that I were a cadet once more!"

The afternoon found all the city officers together. The Brigadier had been away so often that it seemed an age since we last met. Perhaps, though, the strange faces had something to do with it, for we certainly felt easier after we welcomed Captain and Mrs. Wiseman, Captain Beckett, and Captain Smith to our Queen City. Some very important matters were brought up, and you shall hear more about these in the future. Mrs. de Barritt spoke very feelingly to us, and we adjourned, to meet again at no very distant date.

At seven o'clock we met at the corner of Yonge and Albert for an open-air meeting. There were in town over 5 000 Baptists from Canada and the States. Quite a few stood round and listened. Several came into the ring and spoke. It came on to rain, so we went into the Jubilee Hall, where a lively meeting took place. It cleared up again, and we marched out for another demonstration. The convention was just over, and hundreds stood round the ring. Several Baptist ministers came into the ring and pitched in like Salvationists. Verily a child of God knows no denominational barrier. We heard incidentally that next morning we were highly commended during the session for our zeal and good works.

The Brigadier was at the Temple on Sunday, assisted by Headquarters' boys. The morning open-air was very novel. We were all put to work and held prayer meetings outside individual houses on our own account. Good training this! We had with us at the holiness meeting the Revs. Mr. Baker and Douglas, from the States, the latter never before being in an Army meeting. Mr Baker spoke very highly of the Army, and then in fiery tones and with earnest gesture gave out some red-hot Gospel and

Invited to the Cross.

Rev. Mr. Douglas read to us, and the Brigadier, with his usual straight and telling manner, closed the meeting. I forgot to mention, however, that we got out the roll call and called out the soldiers' names, putting them into brigades for the afternoon.

After the preliminary skirmishes outside we gathered in the Jubilee Hall. Many Baptist Delegates were with us and spoke. The open-air at night was surrounded by a large crowd. As he had done all the day, the Brigadier invited the visiting friends of the Baptist fraternity to hold forth. One young man, evidently a minister, spoke of how he had been blessed when hearing Mrs General Booth speak at the farewell of the Marechale, for France. Judging by the collection, our friends across the line are much in sympathy with us, for it was mostly composed of American coin. God bless them!

A big crowd came to hear us inside. It was a very interesting meeting. The quartette sang sweet and solemn music. Brother Bale farewelled for a tour with the Musical Troupe. Mrs de Barritt farewelled for a few weeks' rest at Bracebridge, and spoke very powerfully. The Spirit of God seemed to grip the people's hearts. The Brigadier was on fire and sinners felt so. No wonder that, after we had closed down early and marched out for another open-air battle, two souls came to Christ.

By the way, in the Friday night open-air a poor drunkard, of his own accord, threw his pipe and plug of tobacco into the ring, and knelt down at the drum-head. We all prayed for him, and he rose to his feet, confessing that he was drunk, but God had saved him. Hallelujah!

Now, about the Sunday night open-air. It was late, but we did not mind that. The crowd kept to us, and we cut right and left. By song and testimony many hearts must have been touched. We dismissed feeling down right tired, but thoroughly happy. Thank God! Let's value our open-air privileges more, comrades.

Observer.

A Call to God's Firemen to Rally!

CANDIDATES WANTED! FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

(See Front Page.)

A great fire has taken place at Montreal. For hours the brave firemen of that city battled with the flames. For a long time it seemed as if it was going to spread and spread, until the whole city should be be burned; for hours tons of water were thrown on the burning mass, until the deluge of water, with the skill of that fire-attacking host prevailed, and the fire was mastered, property was saved, and the conflict ended, with victory for the fire brigade.

There were many incidents in connection with that fire-fight which are worthy of more than passing notice, and there are lessons to be learned that will help us in life, soul, and service.

The account reads that one of the exciting scenes was when

South Extension of the Building Fell.

four firemen were at work on the wall when that portion fell, the walls fell inwards as the firemen hung on their ladders in mid-air, just as they fell with a dreadful crash, each fireman jumped for dear life on an adjoining building—only just in time—the next moment they would have been hurled in the midst of that terrible burning furnace.

What a Narrow Escape!

The Word of God states that there will be many that will be saved as by fire. How true! and nowhere more so than in the history of the Salvation Army. Many a poor soul is in the better land to-day that can remember the time when they stood at the corner of our streets, heard the testimony of some Salvationists, and came to God. How many to-day in the ranks of the Salvation seemed to have almost forgotten that He Who knew where the SINNERS are to be found, has commanded us to go in the HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES, and compel them to go in.

Many are looking to the example of those around them, instead of to God and His commands, and they will find that God will hold them responsible for the souls of those that

Might Have Been Plucked Out of the Fire.

We can find men that will risk their life to save property; but how few are willing to risk anything to save the souls of their fellow-creatures. We are told that the one soul of one person is of more value than a whole world. Oh, that our eyes were opened to the truth of God's Word, and that we might find people acting as if they thought that God Himself has made them responsible for the salvation of those who are still in the fire, and will remain so forever, unless some of God's firemen will risk all, and go to save souls.

One of the brave firemen, McHugh, fell from the ladder. His foot caught in a rung, or he would have been thrown on the ground beneath, and most likely killed on the spot. The entanglement saved his life.

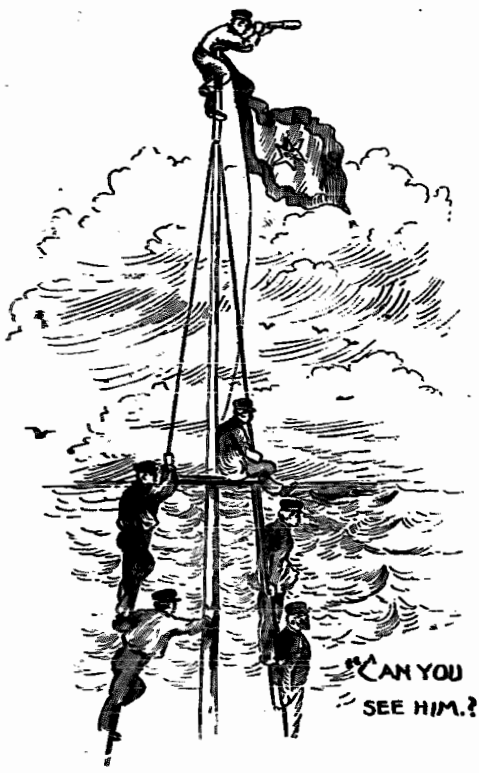
Some of the firemen declared that they could have subdued the fire sooner, only that the windows were blocked up with stock of all sorts. No need here that I should point out the moral of this to my comrades who are working and toiling for God. Those firemen felt that difficulties are things to be overcome. As they could not get the water in that way, the water tower was used. That soon proved effectual, and the water was poured from that tower in such quantities that the fire was quickly conquered.

No Sticking

in God's work. If you are not getting souls saved for the sake of poor souls saved, try something else. If they will not come to you do what your Master always did—go to them. Have you noticed that most of the sermons of Christ are sermons that He took to the place where the people could be got at, and not in public buildings. Go then where the people are. There is nothing in God's Word to make you think that you have only to preach the Gospel once or twice a week and in some building where a few, mostly saved people, are gathered together.

See them at the dinner hour waiting for the bell to sound. Go to them then. Now's your chance, see them in their houses. Some people can fight in a crowd. We

THE GENERAL!



want some folks that can and will go for the folks just where they are.

God has a great deal to say about fire, and we Salvationists have adopted that motto and about made it our own.

There is a fire that we can kindle, and God will hold us responsible

For the Kindling Thereof.

"If a fire break out and catch in thorns, so that the stacks of corn or the standing corn or the field be consumed therewith, he THAT KINDLETH THE FIRE shall make restitution."

How many fires have people kindled for which God shall hold them responsible! Some people seem to have a special gift to kindle the fires of hell in the hearts of poor souls. Others, and alas! there are some even in the fold who have the unfortunate way of kindling fires that cannot burn to the glory of God; such can often be seen trying—often in vain—to put out fires of their own kindling. Be careful what you say and what you do, for God will surely hold us all responsible for every flame we kindle that will not burn to the glory of His name and the welfare of His people.

Do not make it more difficult for God's children to do right and be true to Him. Be a co-worker for God!

One more truth about the fire.

Proverb xxvi. 20: "Where no wood is there the fire goeth out."

What a truism we here have! Why is it that souls that were once on fire are to-day cold, lukewarm, and in some sad cases the fire has gone out altogether? Why? Why?

Why?

The reason is plain and apparent—NO COALS, or, in other words, no prayer, no reading of God's Word, no attending of the means of grace, no fighting for God. Those who lie in bed every Sunday morning while a few of there comrades go to prayer will find their fire very low. Those who stay at home playing the organ whilst there brave comrades go to the open-air will have little fire left. Those who slink off when the prayer meeting comes on have little fire. They want to get

Their Numbers Filled Up.

Now, my comrades, what shall it be? Shall we go to heaven poor, cold, useless kind of folks, or shall we be amongst that number who are filled

(1) With the fire of the Holy Ghost?

(2) With the seal of God?

(3) For the salvation of precious souls?

What shall it be? God can now and here give you the fire of the Holy Ghost. You know the conditions, the old way—confession, restitution, consecration, and taking hold of God by faith.

A. DE BARRITT.

FROM HUNTSVILLE TO GLORY.

SISTER MRS. GARTSHORE has laid down the weapons of her warfare and entered into her rest.

She became a soldier shortly after the Army's advent into town some eight years ago and was a true soldier to the end.

It had been her lot to be called upon to suffer a great deal, therefore she was prevented from taking active part in the fight, yet she has done what she could.

For three weeks before her death she suffered intensely, yet she was always praising God, and bore it patiently. The chariot lowered on Sunday, July 15th, and she stepped in and was borne away to join her comrades in the glory land.

We gave her a real Army funeral, held service in the barracks, and many felt their need of preparing for the great Judgment Day. We marched by the cemetery singing,

"Shall we gather at the river?"

Thank God for so many of us who are determined, by God's assisting grace, to meet our dear sister beyond the river. We pray that God will bless the bereaved and bring them to Himself.

SECRETARY for CAPT. MARKLE.

SAYS Major Hole, "The Salvation Army is represented on the Board of Charities in Buffalo, an organization which answers to what you call the Mansion House Fund. If I am unable to be present at the council, the manager of the Shelter is accepted as my representative. This has brought us into touch with the leading philanthropists of the city, and affords us the opportunity of showing them what we are doing."

It's a fact that not only do the police find benefit from the Salvation Army, but the U. S. magistrates recognise it, too, as the following testimony, unsought for, gives evidence: "At Long Branch, N. J., the police-justice told Captain Brewer there were no drunks brought before him, and he said this was owing to the Salvation Army getting them into their meetings." Long Branch is going forward.

Candidates Wanted!

MY CALL TO THE WORK.

From the first month I was saved, I thought it a high calling to be an officer, but never thought that I should ever be privileged to be one. Once a special shook hands with me after I was three months saved, and said:

"God bless you, my lad, when the cross gets too big, there is

Room in the Field for You."

My heart leaped with joy, and I went home that night as light as a feather. I go in the field! Oh, if only I was capable, but then God can make me so, I thought. My hopes seemed short-lived, for they died the next night when it came to the testimony meeting.

I was very backward, and came out very slowly; first, the few words of testimony, after several months, a solo. Ah, me, didn't I think I was advancing when I could sing a solo? Then praying in public and workshop, then writing on the brass and conspicuous places of the shop, words of warning and salvation. Then shouting the name on the march when in the dark and heat and greatest cross of all, speaking the open air.

After more than a year of such fighting, hopes revived. The WAR CRY cold, "Candidates Wanted!" My heart said I wanted to be one, but they say they are called! What does that mean? "Oh, Lord, I am willing if You call me," I prayed.

Weeks went on, but I got no call to my satisfaction. The fact is, I wanted some kind of an earthquake to show me that I was wanted. The WAR CRY was a great bother to me then, as it continually haunted me with, "Candidates Wanted," etc. They were booming for them then, I think.

The reason it troubled me was, I believe, because I feared God was not calling, too. It was a very mixed up affair. The Captain asked me, too, if I shouldn't be in the field.

I prayed and took the Word of God for my helper and guide.

"To Him that Knoweth

to do good, and doth it not, to him it is sin" (James iv. 17), seemed to take hold of my mind the most, and from it I deduced—First, an entirely new way of looking at our service to God; and second, my call to the work. It was a deep conviction on mine that I could do more for God as an officer, and it only needed this light to break every tie and go, because I loved God and His work. My true happiness was in doing His will as it is to-day.

I filled my forms, and answered "yes" to the question. "Do you believe God has called you?" But fearing the Army would not be satisfied with such a call, I explained that I had no extraordinary call, only that I felt I could do more for God, and the love of Christ constrained me to do the most I could for Him; also the Bible told me, "To him that knoweth to do good, and doth it not,

To Him it is Sin."

I was accepted, and after over five years of the war, I love it better to-day than ever. Hallelujah.

Now, I have written this because I want me a lieutenant, and I believe you could help me win some souls for the Master. May it help you to decide at once.

F. MCKENZIE, Captain.

The Friend of Sinners.

Christ died for the ungodly. People do not stop to think of the Love of God. They are so taken up with the things of this world that God is kept in the back-ground.

Now, my friend, just stop a minute and look at yourself, a poor sinful worm, and listen to the word of God. Christ died for the ungodly, or in other words, Christ took our place, as the apostle Peter puts it, "He bore our sins in His own body on the tree." There He suffered for you and me. I love Him because He first loved me. To think He died for me when I was ungodly, when there was nothing in me to love. Such love, 'tis too wonderful for me to understand!

I came to Him with all my sins, and thank God, He took them away and put them into the sea, to be remembered against me no more forever.

Now, poor sinner, Jesus Christ loves you still! He is the Friend of sinners. He is the Friend of sinner, yes, you, sin and all, to save you. How can you sin against love? Turn to Him now and He will save you, and you shall prove Him to be a Friend indeed.

Lieutenant Sra[illegible]

MONDAY'S MEETING AT LONDON.

MRS. BOOTH

Hoists the Flag on the New Citadel.

A Dandy Barracks—A Crowded House Thrilling Address on the Social Work—Hearts Touched—Financial Success—The Verdict.

On Monday morning, August 30th, the city of London was fully alive to the fact, to quote the *London Advertiser* which, by-the-bye, gave a full report of the glorious proceedings of the day previous, that "Mrs. Commandant Booth, the handsome and accomplished daughter-in-law of the famous General and founder of the Salvation Army," was in town. The Sunday's meetings had made their mark, and formed the subject for conversation in many a family or business circle on this particular morning if the rolling rumors, which rumbled through the city are any criterion by which to judge.

At 7:45 p.m., the London corps, with its

Auxiliary Contingents

from St. Thomas, and St. Mary's and Woodstock, after an open-air meeting in the market place, formed in a ring, encircling Mrs. Booth and her assistant officers, to hoist the flag of "Blood and fire" many feet above the temple or citadel. The order had gone forth for every brass instrument to be sounded, for every drum to be beaten, and every voice to shout "Hallelujah" or "Amen" as soon as our Mrs. Booth said, "In the name of God and the General of the Salvation Army, I declare this building to be open for the salvation of souls." It was done; and the crowd rolled out the song:

"We'll roll the old chariot along."

etc.

Upon entering the building, one could but be struck with the great change which has taken place this last few days—the gallery removed, the shape of the windows at the top altered, a new floor put in, the same being raised three feet at the entrance, and run on a slope to within a few feet of the platform, which has also been converted and put into Salvation Army style,

The Walls and Ceiling

being bannered and decorated very effectively. It makes a lovely barracks, and is delightfully easy to speak and sing in.

The crowds piled in, the centre and side aisles were filled, the platform jammed, and the aisles were full. 'Twas a proper crowd, manifesting a good spirit, and evidently well-pleased with what their eyes could see, and what their ears could hear.

"Oh, Thou God of every nation,"

etc, was given out by Brigadier Margetts, and

"Bless our Army,"

swung along in good style; prayer and other preliminaries followed, Mrs. Booth calling for three or four of the once greatest drunkards, to testify as to what God, through the Army, had accomplished in and for them. Several spoke. Brigadier Margetts read, and Mrs. Booth rose to sing one of her

Ever-Touching Magnificent Songs,

and then to cheer, charm, interest and entertain and bless her audience with that able address on "The Social Work of the Salvation Army." It was a great address; smiles and tears, laughter and sighs, prayers and praises, all told their tale as to how the audience was held in profound attention till a few minutes to ten p.m. Time and space forbid an outline of that effusion, and only those who could get

A Chance to Hear Mrs. Booth,

can appreciate what that meant. Certainly those who were outside the building, missed an enjoyable treat. Many a soul was moved, and many an eye was moistened, as Mrs. Booth in her pretty foreign accent, unfolded some of the facts and figures concerning the great and blessed work being accomplished throughout our social institutions in this country.

But 'tis collecting time, and the people "shell out" quite literally; the benediction is pronounced, and the first, happy, useful, inspiring and instructive Salvation Army meeting in the new Citadel is over. But Mrs. Booth's work is not over yet. She had been

Interviewing and Writing,

and talking and planning throughout the day, and 'tis late now, but she's not through at London. From nine a.m. till 11:45 p.m. she is hunting here and there to help make the funds required for the purchase of the hall. Nothing less than $900 would be a great sum; that's the figure she goes for. "Let us count it." Here it is, "Hallelujah!" As the clock points to 11:45 p.m., $400 has been raised for new building. Souls have knelt at the Cross, hundreds have have been blessed, the tone of the Army has been toned up in the city, and at four a.m. next morning, Mrs. Booth starts back to see and greet her children and husband, and again plunge into the war in Toronto. How many mothers can be persuaded

To Leave Husband and Home

and children and comfort, for days together, to toil and tramp, and love and labor for others quite foreign to them? God bless dear Mrs. Booth, and the Commandant, and the Salvation Army, I say.

ATTENDANT.

A FEW FURTHER PARTICULARS

—OF—

Mrs. Booth's Triumphant London Campaign.

Reports may be all very nice in their way, but we were anxious also to hear a little more from the lips of Mrs. Booth herself, relating to the fulfillment of this Jubilee Scheme No. 15 of the Program.

The light of the soft sundown was lingering over the bay as we entered the door, and the sound of baby-voices bound away for the hush-a-bye land of childhood's slumber, floated down from the nursery above. Presently a soft rustle on the stairs and Mrs. Booth entered.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting," she said.

On the contrary, we felt that the apology should be on our side, for depriving her like this of the few brief moments of quiet evening, in her untiring day of toil. Still it was all for the interest of our glorious war, so we persevered.

"It's about the London trip we are anxious to know, Mrs. Booth. Did you return to-day?"

"Yes, early this morning. I was collecting all day from 9 a.m. till 11:45 p.m. on Tuesday. Then it was too late to start, so I left London a little before four in the morning, and reached home at about eight."

"It must have been so nice to get home once more to dear Victor and the baby?"

"Poor little Victor! When I left the station for London he cried so pitifully, 'Mamma, don't go! Mamma, don't go!' I could not get the sound of his voice out of my ears for quite a long while. But the hearty reception at the other end made up for all the sacrifice."

"Was Brigadier Margetts there to meet you?"

"Oh yes—smiling all over, with Mrs. Margetts, too. Kindness itself. I was greatly cheered. Oh, I could not begin to tell you how much I have been cheered by the kindness and hospitality throughout. Everything so well organized and successfully planned; and at their home all arranged so as to make me feel, as I did, perfectly at home and comfortable. It seemed as if they could not do enough for me! The Brigadier must have worked desperately hard to have made my visit the success that it was."

"You know Mrs. Margetts in England, did you not?"

"Oh yes, when she was Pollie Ashton, years ago, when she was one of the first woman D.O's. The Commandant and I went and conducted a meeting for her at Bedford once."

"And she's just the same to-day?"

"Just the very same. The same humble, earnest, simple spirit—full of fire and zeal and truth, thank God!"

"She always reminds me of that verse about 'no variableness nor shadow of turning.'"

"'Steadfast, immovable.' What a beautiful thing it is to have a STEADFAST character! I wish there were thousands more like Mrs. Margetts, whose chief delight is ever in the interest of Jesus, and whose only thought is for the prosperity of the War."

"Is it two children she has?"

"Yes, two fine little ones, a boy and a girl. The children of so many prayers must grow up to be a power for God in the world, already they are full of energy and vitality."

"But to return to your greeting at the Station, Mrs. Booth Brigadier and Mrs. Margetts were not the only ones to meet you?"

"Oh, there were such a crowd! I thought it must be some special express train or something of that sort. But I found it was a reception to me. I was quite touched to see a multitude of outside friends, as well as those of our soldiers who were able to come. In this, as well as all the way through, it was a thoroughly well-organized campaign, without any hitch, and consequently we reaped the benefit in the result, both financially and spiritually, of faith and work combined."

"Then the meetings were good on Sunday?"

"Splendid! In spite of the heat there was beautiful attention. At night the place was packed almost to suffocation."

"Did we understand you had a Soldiers' meeting, too?"

"Yes, after the Sunday night meeting. It was a truly blessed time, although rather short. The soldiers all testified, they were very outspoken in their expression of love and devotion to the dear old flag. I am full of hope and faith for the London soldiers. I believe in the future they are going to be people of force and power and fire to push ahead for the Kingdom of God."

"The Flag-raising was on Monday, was it not?"

"Yes, on Monday night we opened the new hall for London. Again the audience packed the place. Oh, the public were very kind to me—exceedingly kind!—and the collections, too, were very good."

"What was the total amount of the whole three days' fight?"

"Four hundred dollars."

"Four hundred dollars?"—we repeated in delighted surprise.

"Yes, that will be a great help, won't it?"

"That was not all in the meetings, was it?"

"Oh, no; I was collecting the whole of Tuesday, as I said, from early till late. May God bless all the generous people of London, and make the soldiers mighty warriors of the Cross."

"Did you visit the Rescue Home at London?—at least we need not ask that—we know too well how near to your heart lie the interests of the Rescue work!"

"Oh, yes; I inspected the Rescue Home. We had a little tea together. I was so pleased to find everything in good order. The officers all looked very bright, their happy faces spoke volumes, making me feel that their service of the Saviour was a glorious privilege, not a wearisome burden."

"How many inmates are there now?"

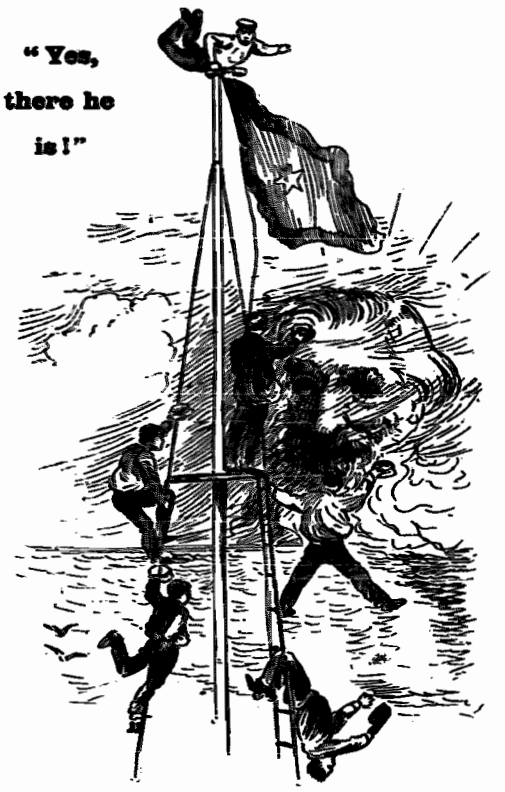
"Well, apart from the officers, there are six girls and a nursery of nine little children. Three of the girls have professed Salvation. May the Lord keep them true."

"Were the officers in regulation uniforms?"

"They looked quite as they should look, in their neat blue Norfolks with braid and S S. just right. The Social officers have always been so ready and willing in the matter of uniform wearing, never the least difficulty about the matter.' Captain Ward is doing her very best, and the officers are standing by her well. As we knelt and sang together "My all is at the altar," they consecrated themselves afresh to a life of devotion and self-sacrifice. I thought they looked so nice as they stood on the platform and saluted me as I said good-bye at the home."

"And now you are home once more?"

"Yes; but I shall be off again in a few days. Do pray that God will send one of His best angels in Heaven to watch over my little ones while I am gone!"



St. Johns, Newfoundland, September 18th.

HURRAH!

THE WHOLE ARMOR.

Put on the whole armor is the injunction of the Holy Word. The soldier of Jesus Christ in full armor is a heavenly sight. That he should be thus equipped is the Divine command, and He gives a lawful reason for this. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. There is a vast army of invisible fiends who, under the command of the great arch-enemy confront us daily, which alone can be conquered by the whole armor. They are termed principalities and powers. I believe these are the diabolical agents of the lost world.

Praise God, we can have all our enemies on the outside to have an open conflict. Woe unto us should there be an enemy in the camp (the heart) who would at any moment open up the gates and allow the enemy to take possession. Nothing but the universal armor of God can bring us off victorious. Alas, how sad it is to see so many of God's professed followers partly equipped. They are only an application of Samson's experience, a laughing stock and sport for the great adversary.

CAPTAIN LEWIS.

A VOICE FROM NORLAND.

"Rocks to the east of us,
Rocks to the west of us,
Rocks to the north of us,
Rocks to the south of us,
Where steamboats go over land and water."

Taking a little rest, it being about ninety degrees in the shade, I thought it would not be amiss to give you a few lines describing my journey East.

After thirty miles drive, I arrive at the pretty little town of WHITBY, where I find everything in a state of excitement over the elections. Hurrah, for Dryden, and Dryden of course got in. Streets were crowded, business men could not stop behind the counter, but must come to the front door to see what was going on. Ministers and lawyers, barbers and butchers, bakers and errand boys; in fact, everybody, especially the ladies, are on the tip-toe of expectation and enquiry. A big bonfire in the middle of the street at night. Anyone would think it would be a hard task to get a meeting; it was late before we started out on our march. At last we mustered about ten strong for a march, with the banner to the front. We sallied forth to the open-air, which we had right in the centre of the crowd, and held a real good meeting. Hundreds of people surrounded us, and listened to what we had to say. Very few followed us to the barracks, but we had a good time; soldiers were good.

Leave here for OSHAWA, find the Captain busy getting material together to build a barracks, all the time being taken up in this, and soldiers harvesting hay and attending to their gardens.

We go from here to Courtice, and from there after the meeting to BOWMANVILLE. Find Ensign Hay building an addition to their barracks. Poor chances for the G B M., very little interest in anything else but financing for the addition, still we had a good time on the Sabbath. Soldiers testified their gratitude to God for His salvation.

From here to TYRONE. Barracks pretty well filled with young men and women, and we would like to see them saved. We get out a number G B M boxes.

From here to MILLBROOK, where we were met by Ensign McDonald, from Peterboro'; also Captain Edgecombe, who had come over for a drive. To say I was glad, would not meet it, I was delighted. We went out for a march and open-air, accompanied by a lot of blood and fire soldiers. We had a real good meeting, everybody interested. We get out a number of G.B.M. boxes, and receive two or three small donations. Money is very scarce, and I find it very hard indeed to get donations here.

From here to ORMERS, a distance of about fifteen miles, I arrive at the quarters of Captain Halpenny. We meet for a march and a grand open-air before the principal hotel, and do not fail to convince them of salvation and damnation. That open-air will not be forgotten by many. Thank God for open-air preaching.

Sunday, our soldiers all living at a distance, and several of them being Orangemen, and the orders mustering for church parade, we therefore had no holiness meeting. Afternoon, a good crowd. Evening, the Orange Order attend our meeting, where they heard what practical Christianity was. Ensign Ayre being with us on Monday, we had a good rousing march and open-air, Ensign singing the WAR CRY song. Not a great many inside, but the Social Reform Work wearfully explained, a number of G.B.M. boxes given out, and an agent appointed.

From here to LINDSAY on Tuesday morning. A good soldiers' meeting; agent appointed and boxes given out. Thursday being the 12th of July there is a tremendous rally of Orangemen. We have a rousing open-air at night, great crowds to listen. The world, the flesh and the devil, cigars and tobacco in full blow, beer and whiskey swallowed wholesale. Social Reform meetings inside; we get out quite a number of G.B.M. boxes. One practical man gave a dollar, God bless him, towards the work. Ensign Ayre had got up a dinner, a rouser, for the visitors to the town towards defraying the debt of $75 left on the corps when the Ensign took charge. Thank God, the result of that dinner was a clean sweep of all local debt.

Then we return to Lindsay on Friday the twentieth to hold our Social Reform meeting in the Presbyterian church, although the town band opened out in the centre of the town, which was close to the church, we had a very fair audience and very appreciative. The Rev. Mr. Johnson expressed his wish that I should pay them another visit and that he would guarantee a large audience, also stating that if the General should visit Lindsay he would be glad to throw open his church; he also spoke very highly of our work.

Friday night, a straight holiness meeting. Thursday morning visited some friends and made arrangements for a Social Reform meeting in the Presbyterian church on Friday the 20th. The church was readily loaned to us by the Rev. Mr Johnson, who I found to be a thorough sympathizer with our work. Notices were written for all the ministers to notify their congregations, also the papers. After dinner Ensign Ayre and myself start for our three days' campaign to FENELON FALLS. Arriving there about five o'clock we have a good lively open-air and a kind of shake-things up generally. Sunday morning holiness meeting we went in for straight dealing; result, nine in the fountain. They came over the backs of the seats and they showed by their devotion afterwards that they got what they came for. Sunday afternoon Social Reform meeting; not many, weather at boiling point. Sunday night a good Salvation meeting, people were deeply convicted, but none would yield. On Monday we visited some friends, seeking for practical sympathy, but found money for God is hard to get. At night we made up our mind something should be done to move the people, so we got the loan of an open 'bus and drove it into the middle of the street and the soldiers were no ways backward to take their positions. As soon as we got into the 'bus and commenced our meeting the people increased on the sidewalks until both sides were pretty well crowded. The meeting was a mixture of Salvation and Social Reform. We kept it interesting until near about 10 o'clock, when we put the drum on the ground for a penitent form and invited sinners to come to God. We dealt personally on the sidewalk with the people. We went in for a drum-head collection. One man threw on a quarter, two others ten cent pieces, then one of the devil's children whose name is legion, threw on the drum-head a chew of tobacco; this seemed to raise the indignation of one of their own number who swore at him and told him it was a dirty, mean trick and gave ten cents in the collection, and another man threw on a quarter; this drew up the collection to one dollar and one cent.

Tuesday morning we start for KINMOUNT, accompanied by Capt. Huxtable. A drive of twenty-four miles, one not to be forgotten, puts one in mind of driving through a prairie fire. The Ensign and Capt. Huxtable jumped out of the rig to sell a few WAR CRYS at a small village we were passing through.

At one house the Ensign went into be met a sister in a terrible condition from nervous prostration. The poor creature was crying out that she wanted salvation, and although she thoroughly understood what we said to her she could not grasp hold of the promises. This woman was a backslidden Salvationist. She had been a soldier, but had lost her salvation. Salvation is a precious jewel, but can easily be sold for a mess of pottage.

We continue our journey after having prayer with all in the house and commending them to God, and arrive at KINMOUNT in time to have a bite of dinner. We do some visiting around town and cutting wood for the quarters, also some fencing to keep the cattle and pigs from under the barracks. At night held a Social Reform meeting. We had a very fair audience considering the intense heat, and gave out quite a number of Gone-before-Meat boxes.

The following day, Wednesday, at evening, we carried the seats from the barracks into the street and formed a square same as we do in our holiness meeting, putting a large packing case in the centre for a pulpit from which to speak. By this method we were enabled to talk to the most of the people in the centre of the village. We found this a great success, and the people were delighted. Of course we got some cross-firing, but I would like to see the true Salvationist who is not more than a match for the devil. We held our meeting until after ten o'clock.

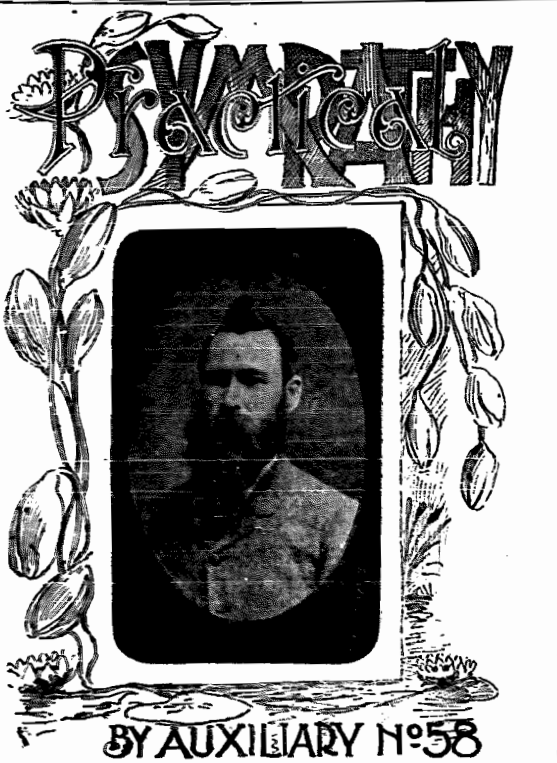
Thursday morning we start for NORLAND. A drive of ten miles through a land of rocks very picturesque and pleasant to the view, but makes one wond r how people get a living off the land; but it is done, and some very comfortable and happy homes are to be found. We arrive at Sister Courtemanches' in time for dinner, after which we lay plans for our meeting, and at the usual time a band of full uniformed blood-and-fire soldiers are on hand for the open-air. We march to the centre of the village and form a ring for an open-air. Quite a number of river drivers surround us and listen to the testimonies, and when the order for marching is given the river drivers form in march with us and come en masse into our meeting. They sit and take in all that is said, and although we saw no immediate results who can tell what the results shall be? We give out a number of G. B M boxes and appoint Sister Courtemanche agent.

Friday morning we start for LINDSAY on our return, and break the journey by stopping at Father Brokenshire's at ROSEDALE. A grand family in one of the most lovely spots on earth, beautiful in its surroundings on the banks of Balsam Lake. We had a bathe in this beautiful lake. I did envy this place for a Home of Rest.

After dinner we start for LINDSAY, arriving in time to have a cup of tea and get to the open-air.

The Salvationist's life is truly a busy life, for our mind, and soul, and strength have to be exercised for the achievement of the great object of soul-saving. I can only say, "Lord keep us good, pure, and humble.

ADJUTANT MARTIN.



One of the principle reasons why I became a part of the great Salvation Army was the practical sympathy shown towards the lowest of the low, those who were helplessly bound by sin's fetters, and I believe that is the only way to reach the hearts of those who need the common necessaries of life.

But if there is a class of men and women in the world to-day who need this practical sympathy it is the officers of the Salvation Army. I know very little of the Staff officers and their difficulties, but I have watched carefully the life of the field officers, and have become familiar with them, and have become acquainted with many of their difficulties, and have often wished I had it in my power to relieve them.

Here are men and women who in many cases leave comfortable homes and good employment, where they might live a life of comparative ease, and accept of

A Life of Hardship,

privation, and often suffering, not for personal gains or worldly honors, but for the good of their fellowmen, that they bring them to God.

That these men and women should lack any good thing is a shame to the people in the towns and villages where they labor.

Every individual in the locality where the Army has a local corps is benefited more or less by the Salvation Army, and, therefore, all should feel themselves bound to look after the local officers. I mean by local officers the officers stationed there for the time being.

But such is not the case; generally there may be and no doubt are exceptions. Some may say they are not benefited in any way by the Salvation Army. If the town or city is benefited as a whole then every part of that whole is equally benefited. Many churches number among their best members some who were converted through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army. Drinking and its kindred vices are reduced, and, therefore,

Crime Lessened,

and the spirituality of the place very much raised.

Not only is there a lack of practical sympathy among those outside the Salvation Army, but many of the soldiers are found wanting as well. Many of the soldiers of the Army have been men who before they met the Salvation Army spent their money freely in drink, tobacco, and other hurtful and foolish ways without even a murmur, yet now grudgingly give their trifle in their cartridge.

Many of the women would think nothing of paying extravagant prices for fashionable apparel, but now scarcely ever contribute towards the help of the officers.

But the financial part is not the only way in which many soldiers fail to show the practical sympathy they should. While the officers are

Toiling Night and Day,

and often so tired in body as to be scarcely able to march, etc., and sometimes have to carry drum and colors (which I have known them to do), some soldiers seldom get to a meeting, and then after the march and open-air. Almost any excuse will answer to keep them from the meeting. Many officers have to go out with two and three soldiers when there should be twenty or thirty.

My brethren, these things ought not so to be. Every soldier is responsible to God for the success of the work in his or her town.

Sins of omission will damn your soul as well as sins of commission.

"He that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him is a sin." And again, "The wages of sin is death."

Reader, what are you doing to make the life of the officers in your town as easy as you can? Do you ever enquire after their bodily comfort? Do you ever remember them to the throne of God? Do you do all you can to lighten their burdens? Remember, Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Why Didn't So-and-So Keep In?

WARNING TO BACKSLIDERS.

Someone told the Lieutenant about this man, who had been sick in the house for some months, but he wasn't saved. She often visited him, but he seemed very hardened, careless.

I went with her once or twice, and asked him if he was saved. No, he wasn't; he didn't care much about it one way or the other, he was just as contented to die as to live the way he was.

"If there was anything in it, why didn't So-and-so keep on? He at one time took a great interest in me, and brought the Captain to see me several times. Yes, I even went farther than that; I went to the hall twice, but where is he to-day?" The person he had reference to had been a Lieutenant who left the field and came home and backslid.

A short time before he died, Lieutenant took her autoharp up, and sang to him all morning, hoping the songs might touch him, but 'twas no good, he died as he lived.

He was very unwilling to die his wife told me. I told the soldiers to be true, when tempted, not to forget that not only their own souls, but the souls of many others depended on their being true to God.

E. E. B.

THE following is good gospel: Don't strain your eyes so hard trying to see the heavenly mansion, that you cannot see the wounded man who fell among thieves.

MIDNIGHT BOMBAY.

A Few Extracts from the "Social Gazette."

A walk of a mile or more, and we came to a street which attained to awful notoriety in the Bombay riots last August. There, the rooms very small and on the ground-floor, the girls' appearance betokening poverty, and their coarse faces and dare-devil manner telling of the depths to which they had fallen.

A Talk with a Fallen Woman.

The girls of one house, recognising the Army uniforms, called us, and we went to them in the hope of being able to say something to them. There were five girls in two dirty rooms with a door leading from one to the other. The two girls in one room were Mohammedans, and the three in the other, Marathi Hindus. One of the Mohammedan girls had a coarse, repulsive face, a flippant manner and a careless tongue. The other was quiet, and had an innocent-looking face, which seemed to show that she was new. The other three girls had rather refined features, and seemed to have known fair circumstances before entering upon their present life.

One of these latter, whose regularly-outlined and kindly-expressioned face seemed to be an index of former goodness and purity, seemed very pleased and interested when we told her of the new Rescue Home. But she said she would not be likely to go there herself as she had to get a living, which, she said, she was pretty sure of doing in her present work. She said she was in charge of her four companions; but they were quite independent and had no owners. The two living with her were her sisters. She came from Satara to this life, six or seven years ago, to escape from a wife-beating husband. Her two sisters had preceded her to Bombay, and were already living in sin when she joined them. At first she said she was happy in her mode of living, in reply to my question to that effect. "But are you really happy—deep in your heart?" I asked again. In reply she sadly confessed that she was not. I asked her to remember when in trouble or difficulty, or when tired of her sin, that she could always find friends in the Mukti-fauj. While talking to this woman on the pavement, a Mohammedan was bargaining with her two sisters, and she, catching their conversation, once or twice put in a word to the effect that he could not be admitted for less than eight annas. Poor creatures! My heart was getting heavier and heavier!

In this same street I saw sights impossible to mention here. "Oh, God, when shall these things end in purity and righteousness and Thy kingdom come?" my heart cried out in bitter anguish.

The Hell of Bombay.

Then we came into the seating harlotry hell of Bombay. I still shudder at the remembrance of all I saw and the fearful magnitude of this terrible evil.

For about a quarter of a mile the road is almost entirely given up to this vice. Each house on either side of the road, with only a few exceptions, is the abode of these girls—all Hindus and Mohammedans. There are blocks, three stories high, in which every set of rooms contains at least three girls, some seven or eight.

The Girls Described.

At every upstairs window, dressed in "the attire of a harlot," with gaudy *saris*, jewelled ears, nose, arms and feet, their hair oiled, plaited, and interwoven with jessamine, their lips red with chewing the betel-nut, many of them with powdered faces and perfumed clothes, these poor girls openly sit, and with a sign of the hand or a motion of the head, beckon to every passer-by who happens to look up at them.

Downstairs, on the ground floor, the girls seem to be of lower caste and much poorer. Their clothing is not so rich—it is quite plain, in fact, as a rule. More particularly to the downstairs girl does it apply that, "Now she is without, now in the streets, and lieth in wait at every corner."

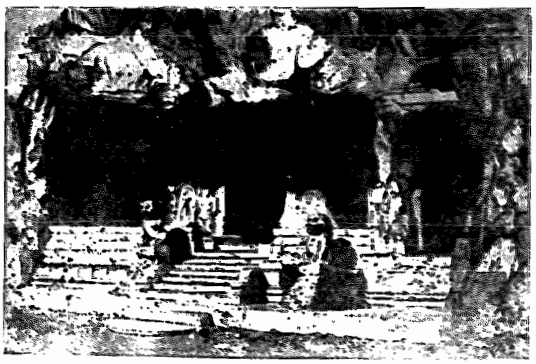
The rooms below are very small, poorly furnished, and badly lighted. The rooms above are larger, and the better ones brilliantly lighted with three or four chandeliers and wall-lamps with bright reflectors, so that the girls sit standing in a blaze of light, which harmonises only too successfully with their attire and is an extra attraction to the simple.

Some of the girls are particularly handsome; others have coarse and revolting features. Some look almost innocent; others have hardened, brazened faces. Some are getting old; others are mere children of ten or twelve years and less. Some are timid and remorseful; others are bold and careless. Some belong to the city; others were decoyed from simple village homes, far, far away.

All of them have immortal souls. For every one there is salvation. For every one Christ died. Shall they be rescued? What do you say, reader?

Asleep at Her Post.

At one of the upstairs windows a young child-harlot had fallen asleep at her post. Her head was fallen back against the window frame, and she lay all unconscious of her whereabouts, and was perhaps dreaming of her home and loved ones. But perhaps she was dreaming of the deeper depths she had to go. She suddenly awoke, as I stood looking at her thinking of her youth and circumstances, and with a sacred expression upon her fair child-face, gazed blankly around the room and down into the street, as if trying to call to mind where she was. Poor little thing! She seemed to be too tired to keep awake, and presently her head fell slowly back again, and she dreamed once more—to be most likely rudely awakened by a more vigilant and older comrade.



The excavated Temple of Elephanta, Bombay, India.

Sin's Awful Penalties.

Going farther along the street the scene got worse. It was then just after midnight. The road and pavements were crowded with men and boys. The moon was shining very brightly directly overhead, and, with the strong dazzling lights streaming from all the houses, made midnight like day. Such a scene! The half cannot be told!

* * *

Legal Anomalies.

Is there no law sufficient for these things—or is it not administered? If a man commits murder, he is hung—is not this a wholesale murder of men's and women's bodies and souls? If a man steals, he is sentenced to prison—is not this traffic a shameless robbery of health, wealth, and virtue? If a man commits fraud he is guilty in the eye of the law of a criminal offence which cannot be compounded—is not this trade, with its lies, tricks, decoying, abductions, allurements—is not the whole business a gigantic system of deception and fraud from beginning to end, of which the morally weakest gets the worst, and which is practically compounded all the time?

Think of the ruined and blasted homes when a loved daughter is found not to be in a nice situation, as that hag of a procuress who came to the village a few months ago promised she should be, but in a brothel—and of those parents' grief when they find that the promising son who was sent to Bombay to college, or to learn a business, is ruining his chance of success, and indeed, working out an early death, by companying with harlots! Think of the suffering, the disease, the pain, and the opium and other drugs used to dull these effects, and the drink to stifle a struggling conscience! Think of the whirl—the daze—the fascination—the fatal cords of habit—the moral weakness—the absolute abandonment to sin—the physical ruin—the spiritual death of thousands! Think of the tender young girls, just as winsome, affectionate, bright and pretty as your own little sisters, forced into this life to be trained into ruin, and when comparatively old and useless, cast off to die, or used to employ her hardened heart and skilled feelings to decoy others into the "way to hell" and the "chambers of death!" All these things are hard, absolute, clear facts—things which are happening every day, and almost nothing is done to stop them. Shall no more be done? Oh, reader, answer!

Shall She be Rescued?

The Salvation Army, while praising God for those who are already standing in the breach, is determined to dash into the fight itself, and, by God's help, do something to stem this black, rolling tide.

That young soul so perilously sporting on the brink of eternal ruin can be made to face the precipice, and start back in horror at the sight and realization of her danger and cry out for deliverance. Who dares say she cannot, in view of the twenty-six girls who, through the three Homes in Calcutta, Madras and Colombo, have been sent out to respectable situations in 1893—the thirteen restored to heart-broken friends who never expected to see their darlings any more—the twenty who have left of themselves to honorably and independently start life anew—and the fifty who at the end of the year were still lovingly sheltered in the Homes?

Vernon, B. C.—As I have not the privilege of a meeting to-night I thought I would like to have a talk to you all through the pages of the dear old CRY. Soldier, Christian, friend, how are you getting along in your soul? Are you sanctified, fully saved? Does the blood cleanse from all sin? Or, where do you stand in your Christian experience? Are there any little foxes among the vines spoiling the beautiful fruit, destroying the garden of the Lord? Any roots of bitterness springing up and troubling you, bringing you under condemnation, destroying your influence over the perishing thousands around you, bringing you into captivity to the law of sin and death, compelling you to cry out, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Have your feet well nigh slipped? Do you go mourning all the day because of the oppression of the enemy? Just listen! There is a remedy for all these ills; there is a balm in Gilead, a great Physician there—Jesus. Listen to His words: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest; take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest for your souls, for My yoke is easy and My burden is light."

"The Lion of Judah shall break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again."

There is purity and holiness for you. It is within the reach of every earnest, honest seeker after it. Cry out to God like poor David, who was in the same fix as you: "Create in me a clean heart, oh, God, and renew a right spirit within me; wash me throughly from my iniquity and cleanse me from all my sin." He will do it for you as He did it for David. Don't question His ability to do this, for He says He is able to do exceedingly abundantly for us above all that we ask or think. Don't say He won't do this for you, for He says, "whosoever," and to you personally, before you cry I will answer, and whilst thou art yet in the way and that He wills this holiness of heart for us, listen again: "Be ye holy, for I am holy;" "Be ye perfect as your Father which is in heaven is perfect;" and listen to Jesus as He Himself pleads for us, "Sanctify them through Thy truth, I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil."

Do you want testimony from those who have obtained this gift, we can give you the witness of patriarchs and prophets, apostles, martyrs, saints, in every age from the beginning of time till the present, who have been filled with the fulness of God and have been kept by Him pure and spotless for any length of time from three hundred years downward.

Do you enquire how you are to obtain the blessing? The Word says, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse that there may be meat in Mine house and prove Me now herewith saith the Lord, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to contain."

Your part is to bring in the tithes, to present your body a living sacrifice. God's part is to accept the offering, and the tithes, and the best tithes and the most acceptable is a broken and a contrite heart which He says He will not despise, His part to make good His promises and give us the promised witness of His Holy Spirit, to the effect.

Launch out into the deep ocean of God's love. Don't be afraid of getting out too far. He is able to save to the uttermost all who put their trust in Him. I give you my present personal experience to finish with, that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanses me from all sin and He is keeping me day by day happy in spite o' all manner of difficulties and trials.—Capt. C. JARVIS.

"THE CONQUEROR."

IT will repay the intelligent reader to invest in the latest *Conqueror*.

"STAFF-CAPTAIN MARSHALL IS NOW PROMOTED MAJOR," runs the paragraph in the August number.

Good! If he had never done anything but edit this number of the spicy American magazine he has earned his spurs and we congratulate him accordingly.

The Conqueror is a marvel of a paper. One would think that the Editor had a special set of correspondents in every country of the world, and in every city and town of the United States.

The wonderful stories of Salvation warfare and glorious victory read like romance. 'Tis death to the next hour to take up *The Conqueror*, for it is next to impossible to lay it aside until you have read and re read the result (I should think) of hours of hard sweat and toil.

In this number we are introduced to the intelligent partner of our Editor's life. If Major Marshall nursed the babies whilst his wife wrote this article then he did a good stroke, and never spent a better half-hour. You should read that the first, as a kind of introduction to the life of Captain Peake. A man who can walk seventy miles in a day and go to sleep with a pack of wolves for companions, is no ordinary mortal. Italy has a good champion in the person of Major Thonger. 'Tis refreshing to hear that our Italian comrades are now under the shadow of the Vatican itself; 'tis interesting reading, and will awaken fresh interest in the war in the Boot Isle.

"As others see us" is a novel idea, and shows American pluck as much as energy and originality. Every soldier as well as Auxiliary should read what others think of us. Really we might be tempted to write a reply as to what we think of them. We shall yet see the man who thinks the Salvation Army is a kind of circus, probably tackle the big drum himself, and he will then stand the risk of being thought a fool for Christ's sake.

"The Editor's field glass" seems to have made a wider sweep than usual, or he has selected a very clear day—a Canadian weather day—for he runs from Chicago to St. Louis, along to Rochester, passing Ohio, off to Queensland, not forgetting Brooklyn, and generously offers to take us all to the O. P. next month for ten cents. Well done, the new Major.

We are beginning to think that no number of *The Conqueror* would be complete that had no notice that Joe, the Turk, had been in durance vile and got out again. If

ever our friend, the Turk, comes this side the line, and begins to mark the writer's linen with that stamp of his he can count on a Turkish bath right off, and no waving of the American flag will save him, Stars and Strips he will get with vengance.

The best ten cents' worth we have read for a short epoch is the August number of *The Conqueror*. Buy it and read it.

North-West and B. C. Travels and Triumphs.

BY MAJOR J. READ.

CHAPTER II.

A Drunken "Dude"—The Capital of the N.W.T.—247 Miles in a Day—Prince Albert's Welcome—Mounted Police Enjoy Salvation Army Meetings—Down Through Neglect—Heat Almost Unbearable — The Land of Goshen—The Squaw, Mrs. Good—A Successful Banquet—A Musical Blizzard.

Tuppeny dudes! Yes, some of these gentlemen (?) stood on the Moosomin Railway Depot as we boarded the west bound train for Prince Albert *via* Regina. Poor Captain Green! She looked a lear, pitiful look at us in the car as we moved off. We noticed that one of the "dudes" was very drunk, while another uttered a bad curse, and he holds a position in a Sunday school (so they told me). Jesus weeps over Moosomin. God bless the dear children who brought us nice bunches of flowers, and gave us the same at the depot.

God sent friends to meet us at Regina in the persons of Brother Dobbins and Chapman. The latter walked us off to a hotel for refreshment and rest, and the former wanted to do the same. We yielded to Brother C——, and at six a.m. again prepared for travelling to Prince Albert—two hundred and forty-seven miles. Hot was the day, burning was the sun, dusty was the car, and it was a most tedious day's journey. From seven a.m. till nine p.m. we stunk to the

train. The lively welcome we received at the journey's end, more than made up for the wearisome journey.

Prince Albert is a beautiful spot. Flowing along in front the quarters is the mighty Saskatchewan, away at the back of the town on a lovely hill, is the barracks of the mounted police. These men like the Salvation Army. Like fish take to water, Prince Albert folks have taken to the Salvation Army, and they love it. At the depot willing hands took off our baggage, a dray was put at our disposal for the trunks, a few words of good advice were given to the soldiers, and to bed we went, imagine of big times during our stay.

Knee-drill was good. A spirit of liberty prevailed. The Major in charge of the mounted police, says that the spirit at the barracks has changed for the better since the advent of the Salvation Army. How glad we were to see nearly a dozen of these dear, red-coated fellows in the holiness meeting. The Army barracks is their church, and they attend regularly. One of them is a Salvation soldier, and gave his testimony. They buy the WAR CRY very readily. God bless the police. One dear fellow who had backslidden through neglect, knelt at the drum and sought and found deliverance.

The Sunday afternoon meeting was very interesting. Three-year-old Baby Boy Grainger got so interested that he beat a tinkpot and repeated loudly some words of what the Major said. How the audience laughed! This little chap is full of fire. We gave E.-M. Grainger's latest arrival, Alfred Gibson, to God and His Army. Mrs. Read spoke about the Army's Social operations, and her talk was listened to very intently. Policeman Payne was on the platform in full official regalia. A most interesting Juniors' meeting was held at the close of the afternoon meeting, but oh, it was so hot! A little more LIFE, Prince Albert soldiers, and you will find things go better.

Excessively hot was the atmosphere on Sunday night. It is a wonder the audience not as they did. Perspiration poured from their faces. To all our loving calls to repentance they gave no heed, but cheer sin rather than joy. The evils of *smiling* with the ungodly, of *standing* in the way of sinners, of *sitting* in the seat of the scornful were shown, but none would forsake their sinful courses, and we went home burdened for sinners.

"Yow-wy Good, yowy g-o-o-d!!!! exclaimed a poor old Indian squaw as she sat on the floor of the kitchen at the F. O's. quarters. Bootless and stockingless was she. Captain Emmons placed a good dinner before her, and with gesture, sign, and sound we did our best to converse with her, during the dinner hour. She sang to the accompaniment of antcharp, and her joy knew no bounds when we gave her a handkerchief and five cents each all round. This squaw is a regular visitor at the quarters. She is called "Mrs Good." Proudly she showed us some wearing apparel which Army officers had given her. God save these dear Indians!

The banquet was a success. Goschen is in the vicinity of Prince Albert. Good folks live here. Mrs. Read's talk on "Salvation Army Foreign Work" was very instructive to the crowd that listened. Though pleaded with and prayed with none would yield. The F. O's. quarters is a snug little place.

NOTES.

A Catholic friend, Mr. O'Meara, painted a beautiful motto of welcome to us.

We visited the "See" Indians' encampment, and it was a most interesting trip.

Two little girls made and presented to Mrs. Read a two beautiful wreaths, one made of wild fruit and the other of flowers.

The special WAR CRY meeting was appreciated.

We enjoyed our visit to the barracks of the North-West mounted police. They are a brave lot of fellows.

Our little afternoon camp meeting under McDonald's bluff was interesting and mixed. At it were Indians, mounted police, squaws, Presbyterians, Baptists, cows, horses, dogs, Salvationists, etc., etc. And that "musical blizzard"? Well——!!!

"The Story of an African Farm."

HIS EXCELLENCY SIR W. CAMERON LAYS THE FOUNDATION STONE.

The South African Social Farm has more than justified its existence. A lengthy experience in dealing with ex-prisoners has shown the officers in charge to be reliable and successful, whilst the Farm's record of accomplishment has induced the Cape Government to subsidize the work. We are therefore delighted to learn from the following report of the thoroughly satisfactory stone-laying ceremony which has been conducted in connection with the necessary building extensions:—

On the platform, supporting His Excellency, who performed the ceremony were a number of celebrities and Commissioner Estill, Commander of the Army's forces at the Cape.

The Rev. Mr. Forbes opened the proceedings with prayer, after which Excellency said:—I have very great pleasure in attending here to-day to play my little part in this good work, and it is a very great pleasure and satisfaction to me to find myself surrounded by some members of the Ministry and the general public who take such a great interest in the affairs of South Africa. I am also delighted to see my friend, the Dean, for in no part of the world do I find such a tolerant Church as in South Africa. There is no doubt that the Salvation Army does an enormous amount of good wherever it goes. (Hear, hear.) As the world grows older we require different agencies more and more to meet the wants of different classes of the community. Your ways may not be exactly my ways, but everybody who thinks on these subjects must recognise the enormous amount of good done by the Salvation Army. (Hear, hear.) They go in for work. Idleness is the mother of mischief. I am not a believer in faith without work. Now, if I understand the Gospel preached by the Salvation Army, it is that everybody must become a thorough worker. (Applause.) And I mean to preach, as far as I can, the necessity of people putting their shoulders a little more to the wheel in South Africa. In regard to this special institution in connection with which we are attending to-day, there has been

A Vast Progress Made

since I was here eighteen months ago—a vast improvement (and it seems to me that everything that gets into the hands of the Salvation Army does improve.) One great point is, that there is very little falling-off among the people who join you—I mean they don't fall away and become "had 'uns"—you take the "had 'uns" and try to make them better men and women. (Hear, hear.) Am I right, or am I wrong? [Commissioner Estill: You are right, sir.] It is to me a very great source of gratification to come here to-day. I come as between man and man to play my part in conjunction with those present towards helping on this good work, and it will be one of the most satisfactory events in my life to have laid the foundation-stone of this new wing. (Applause.)

The Dean of Cape Town,

who had taken a back seat in the audience, was spotted by His Excellency and promptly called to the platform, and, in response to an invitation from His Excellency, offered a few remarks. He said that thirty years ago he heard about the work done by General Booth.

He heard yesterday that out of a hundred men who had been admitted—reckless, abandoned, hopeless and Christless men, who had come out of jail and convict cells—only twenty-seven had turned out to be failures, while the remainder had requitted the love and patience of the Salvation Army and its gallant officers and workers. We who perhaps despise others who do not share our church views, may flout and scoff at the Salvation Army, its dress and ways, but

He Himself Honored its Members

as useful, hard-working, earnest people.

The Commissioner then presented his report, which showed that since the institution was opened they have dealt with 469 men, representing 1,286 convictions, amounting to 132 years' imprisonment. Of these men, 159 had been placed in situations, 131 left on their own accord to seek work, 10 were restored to their friends, 16 were sent to the hospital, 99 not able to stay in the Home more than a fortnight, and out of the whole number 28 were turned out as unmanageable. The Home has been crowded since its inception. When this edition was made they would have accommodation for forty men.

Staff-Capt. Burfoot gave in the financial statement. In regard to their new building, they had made all their own bricks. They were not going to spend a penny on labor. Up to the present they had received £264 towards the building fund, of which they had spent £242, leaving a balance of £22. The building material which the Farm could not provide—such as wood, iron, cement, etc.—would cost £500 when completed, and they still needed £250.

INFLUENCE.

A short time ago, while stationed near by, I had the privilege of seeing the great Niagara Falls.

I was on the American side, and as I walked out on the stone abutment and looked over the precipice, I shall never forget the feeling that took possession of me!

As I looked at the great waters rolling and foaming over the edge, so great was the force of gravitation or attractive influence, I felt I must inevitably go right down with them.

But the moment I

Looked Up,

although I could still hear the roar of the waters as loud as ever, they had no more effect upon me.

Just then another scene rose up before me, it was this—the power of influence. I have been astonished since I have been in active service and have had the privilege of dealing with various different people to find so many, especially among the young, who do and act not on their own judgment but on the impulse of the prevailing influence of the moment.

Not long ago, a young man acknowledged to me that he has gone up to the bar and drank a glass of whiskey when he has shuddered at the thought, just because he was with his companions, and he felt he must do as they did.

Young women have been influenced to go to the gay parties, and while they have been on the floor dancing, thoughts of mother, the prayers said at her knee, her words of warning, have so risen up as

To Fairly Haunt Them

right in the midst of their pleasure; but they have smothered down conscience, and allowed themselves to be carried on by the prevailing influence. Still, praise God! there is another side, a brighter side.

Just in as much as the waters had no more impression upon me when I looked up. Just so, God can deliver us and make us independent. I once had the experience I have been writing about; but to-day, although young in years and full of life, God keeps me unspotted from the world. I have no trouble in saying no to the wrong and yes to the right, and standing by it.—P. E. B.

THE *New York World* says, in reporting a meeting, "During the evening that amazingly pretty tune, 'Over and over again,' was sung, and such testimonies as, 'The bottom dropped out of heaven and the glory fell on me,' 'Bless God for a salvation that gets a move on a man,' 'I was a common drunkard and the Lord saved me,' 'I was a thief and a vagrant, now I am nicely saved, and I've got a good steady job and money in my pocket.'"

1—FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!
2—MRS. BOOTH'S LONDON CAMPAIGN—A Brilliantly Successful Day.
A SOCIAL OFFICERS' COUNCIL, led by Mrs. Booth.
3—A VISIT TO HAMILTON.
THE QUESTIONS.
"HELLO, CENTRAL!"
4—A CALL TO GOD'S FIREMEN TO RALLY.
CANDIDATES WANTED.
5—MRS. BOOTH HOISTS THE FLAG ON THE NEW CITADEL AT LONDON.
6—A VOICE FROM NORLAND.
PRACTICAL SYMPATHY.
WHY DIDN'T CO-AND-SO KEEP ON?
7—MIDNIGHT BOMBAY.
"THE CONQUEROR."
8—NORTH-WEST AND B.C. TRAVELS AND TRIUMPHS. LEAPERS, ETC.
9—TERRITORIAL TOPICS.
POINTERS FROM WEST ONTARIO PENINSULA.
10—HOW THEY DIE.
A SERIES OF TENT MEETINGS.
ON DRESS.
11—NEW GLASGOW DISTRICT NOTES.
HOW GOD LED ME.
CORPS REPORTS.
12—OUR "WORLD PROGRESS."
WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR GOD?
13—CANADIANS OUT OF THE FOG.
BRIGADIER SCOTT ON THE WING.
14—BATTLE OF THE SALVATION MUSKETRY.
15—LOST FRIENDS COLUMN.
TRADE ADVERTISEMENTS, ETC.
16—COMING EVENTS.
HONOR ROLL.
THE SOUL WAR, ETC.

WAR CRY

TORONTO, AUG. 11, 1894.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,
Thursday, Aug. 2, 1894.

ESSENTIAL CONDITIONS AND Certain Success in the Spiritual Sphere.

There is an old-fashioned but perfectly sure way to success in the spiritual conflict, which is within reach of the poorest and humblest, and the proof thereof lies near at hand also. When the twelve disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ complained to Him (at the close of one of His miracles of deliverance performed on a devil-possessed boy) in the words, "*Why* could not we cast the devil out," He replied with a statement the truth of which has never been revoked: "*Because of your unbelief. . . . This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.*"

Brigadier Margetts, at Simcoe, quite recently in a three days' campaign, saw twenty-nine persons seeking pardon, and had a number of candidates applying for the work, too. This was a splendid result out of a congregation of three or four hundred. We asked, "How was it?" The Brigadier replied, "Solely owing to the fact that the ground was well prepared by much public and private prayer."

There is evidently no hop, skip and jump road to soul-saving, but the souls of the agents engaged in the work and the spiritual atmosphere of the neighborhood to be operated upon must all be prepared by diligent, self-denying, and continuous attention to the conditions of success as laid down by our Lord Himself, but when this is done GENUINE SUCCESS IS ASSURED, and so it comes to pass that the General uttered no extravagant statement when he said, "The church of Christ can save the world when it likes."

SHUT your eyes to your sin, but do open them to your sorrow.

Territorial Topics.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

Jubilee Progress.

Two events mark with special importance the week which has just closed. Our London corps has taken possession of their splendid new citadel, and the *William Booth* has spread her ensign for the first tour on Lakes Ontario and St. Clare. Thus is our Jubilee program maturing with leaps and bounds.

London's Liberality.

A to London, so far our expectations are being realized. In spite of many difficulties and a few hangers on behind, what we prophesied is coming to pass. London loves the Salvation Army and means to stand by and help it. London's merchants and men of business have sense enough to see that we have done a magnificent thing in the purchase of that property, and desiring that the Salvation Army should go ahead and prosper are coming generously to our aid. Mrs. Booth's visit of three days, which produced a total of four hundred dollars, is sufficient evidence of this. All that is required is energy, faith, and concentration, together with common sense and a sufficient degree of unselfishness to work hard, and neither God nor London will let us in.

London's Next.

But London will do more for us even than our barracks. We shall have our Shelter and Wood Yard going there shortly. Evidences of sympathy and promises of help for this purpose are being given on every hand. From the city officials downwards we have received evidence of sympathy and pledges of assistance for this object. That is the next event for the city in the Salvation Army line.

The S.S. "William Booth."

As to that yacht of ours, everyone is delighted. The dedication ceremony, through some mishap in the arrangements, was not very well known of, and, therefore, not so largely attended as we should have liked, yet the five or six hundred who gathered to see her consecrated to God's service were quite enthusiastic as to her future. Her crew looked trim in their sailor costumes, and her newly painted decks and cabin and her brightly polished handrails and engines, together with the graceful way she sits on the water, makes her altogether a charming little craft. But more of her later.

The General's Visit.

I regret I am not yet able to give more detailed facts as to the General's visit. We are working at high pressure with the arrangements and the printing, but the distances are immense, and time is required to gather particulars. So far as we at present know the route is practically fixed. Some slight alterations have taken place since last week. We have decided that the General must visit Quebec. This will make a railway demonstration possible at either Newcastle or Chatham, N.B. Instead of visiting the Lake Ontario places, time will only permit the General to get as far as Belleville, where he will leave the steamer and go direct to Peterboro'. Here he will spend *two days*, one for demonstrations, and the second a day of Salvation. Peterboro' is a splendid centre for many of our corps to unite.

Harvest Festivals Galore.

Needless to say everybody is going in hammer and tongs over the Harvest Festival. Circulars of instructions are now being issued to all officers. It is to eclipse *all* previous efforts. The targets are arranged, and everybody in fighting trim. See notices in the present CRY.

Advance, "War Cry!"

Look out, too, for our striking measures to increase the present circulation of the WAR CRY. The Commandant has been in close conference with Brigadiers Barritt, Margetts, and Scott during the week on the subject. The decision in the staff council for an immediate rise is to be carried into effect. Get ready.

Souls! Souls!! Souls!!!

In every way we are encouraged. News continues to arrive from different points of the battle-field as to souls getting saved. Brigadier Margetts reports twenty-two souls at Simcoe the other week-end. Major Read sends a record of a great number being won in his Province while the D.O's reports are equally inspiring. This is the best of all.

Striking news!

Mary, Bobbie and Johnny want to know what grandma has found so pleasant in the WAR CRY.

Grandma explains that the General lands at St. John, Newfoundland, September 18th.

Like good Salvationists they are filled with delight.

Pointers from West Ontario Peninsula.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

"It never rains but it pours," they say, and certainly there appeared to be some truth in the statement before I had got far on with my recent trip to Wyoming, Petrolia, Strathroy, and Watford.

First and foremost was the absence of our loved leader the Commandant. It is enough to be expected to do one's own share, but to have to "face the music" for two others far greater than one's self is a terror. Such was my lot, however, and after laying the matter before God I set out believing for a happy and successful time.

I have taken another friend with me right along, one whom the railway companies have highly favored, and have in every case as yet allowed my friend to journey with me to and fro without "let or hindrance," no conductor ever yet asking for either a ticket or fare, which is a great consideration these days. It was not because my friend was unnoticed, or had hidden away, or tried to trick them in any way, for, as a matter of fact, my friend has often sung loudly to a whole carload of passengers and train officials or spoken in strains that were easily understood to them all. My friend had always been faithful and ever ready to take a full share of the fight without either dictating or objecting as to what should or should not be done. Scarcely had we sung the first song on the streets of Wyoming though before my friend gave right out and could not go on further.

A friendly tailor in town came to our help, while Captain McKeen kept things going in the open-air, and we got things rectified sufficiently to carry us through the outside and inside meeting. Had a happy time notwithstanding, and dedicated little William Bertrand McLean Craig to God and the Army.

It was getting fast toward midnight when Sergeant B—— planted us down at the door of Ensign Clarke's quarters in Petrolia. Here we set to work and fixed up my good friend, the concertina, and retired in good time for a heavy battle on the morrow—camp meetings being the order of the day.

The sun was scorching hot as we wended our way to the shady grove where the salvation tent was pitched. Last Sunday it had witnessed some glorious scenes at Glen Rae, among the captures made being a backslider of twenty-five years' standing.

We pounded away morning, afternoon, and night, and had some good times, a number being put well in pickle, and one young lady volunteering for and finding salvation. The concertina and the Brigadier's throat, however, gave out entirely in the night meeting.

"Why are you always talking at me when I come to the meetings?" queried a man the worse for liquor, to one of the comrades at Strathroy, the following night. "But I am going to quit," he continued, as with a desperate effort, he cracked in two a hard stone with his fingers, and handing the one half to the comrade, who for near an hour had been "sticking into him" about his soul's salvation, "you keep the one half and I'll keep the other," he exclaimed, "as a sign that to-night I am starting to live a different life." He knelt at the Cross and asked for mercy. Next morning we were assured he was doing well.

It was with the greatest difficulty we dragged through the meeting at Watford, but God's presence more than made up for a cracked voice, a few instruments, etc. It did our souls good to see another sister "come back to Jesus" and to hear the convert of the previous Sunday night declare "I am washed white in the Blood."

Arriving home we are thankful to find Mrs. Margetts is none the worse, while the comrades are much the better for her visit to Seaforth and Stratford. Hallelujah! Mrs. Margetts goes for a three days' campaign to Guelph on August 4th, 5th and 6th.

A rainbow meeting! what could it mean? "You are announced to lead it to-night, Brigadier." Ensign Cass informed me after arriving in Simcoe on Saturday 21st. A strip of dark material was nailed across the barracks near the ceiling, to form a background and to represent a cloud, underneath which hung in rainbow style and colors, other strips of tinted paper. The soldiers were colored sashes on the march. We sang and talked about what these colors and the black cloud represented, and wound up with two seekers at the mercy seat.

Ensign Cass has "The ward system" going in Simcoe. The corps is divided into the "Holiness, Love, Light, Faith and Victory" Brigades. Each member of the brigades wearing a ribbon badge on which is marked the name of the brigade to which they belong. These were divided into two companies on Sunday afternoon and the enemy was stormed from two points. This is the kind of thing to do. It stirs the town, awakens the sinners, gives the soldiers something to do, blesses their souls, and sets them on fire to save men—Oh! for more brigades.

"Tobacco has been my difficulty," said one brother as he rose from the penitent-form and flung unto the floor a big plug—"I've done with it now, the Blood has cleansed me," he continued, "I had an ugly temper, but it has gone," exclaimed the next one. "My difficulty has been that ever since God took my little one away I have grieved Him, I have done nothing wrong outwardly, but in my heart I have held a grudge against God for robbing me of my little one. It is all right now, I see it in another light and love Him now," is the testimony of the third. That Sunday morning meeting made its mark. We sang

"My Jesus hath done all things well."

From Saturday night till Monday midnight we pounded away, winding up with a total of twenty-nine for salvation and sanctification in the three days. We definitely got seven new candidates, four of whose applications were made and signed at the penitent-form. Two or three others are to come on in a day or two.

I could not describe that half night. It was glorious. Nor did we quit till every soul had either got right with God or had left the building. Ensign Cass had worked hard and well to create interest and to see to the prayers and the presence of the soldiers in the meeting. He was well rewarded. Why cannot we have more of this kind of business—Salvation wholesale? We can. We will.

New soldiers of Berlin and Galt, pray and look up for big things at Mrs. Booth's visit. You should visit each other and so take in the two places. Paris comrades, get a rig and come and have a blessing with us at Galt. The dates are, Galt, Monday, August 6; Berlin, August 7.

And Stratford too; August 16th is the great day of the feast for you. Mind you put on your best galore. You have plenty of time to plan and pray and believe and get things worked up to a white heat. Mitchell and St. Mary's, come over and join in the blessing. Here's your chance.

Strathroy! Cheer up. You lost the Commandant, who will not think it flattering for me to say you are going to get a better show. Watford, Thedford, Parkhill, and Wardsville you must all come over. Now for a big time on the 17th.

Petrolea too, you are highly honored after all. Now is the time for action and for a big work to be made on the whole community. It will be done, too, I am sure. Sunday, August 19th, is the date.

SISTER PUFFED-SHOULDERS.

I was very much struck with a conversation between two sisters of a certain London corps, a short time ago, on uniform. It appears that Sister S——, who had only been saved a few weeks, was having a new jacket made, and was undecided whether to have it plain Army uniform or otherwise, whilst the other sister, who was a full-uniformed, blood-and-fire soldier of the cross, did all she could to persuade her to give up all thoughts of worldly dress and fashion and become an out-and-out soldier of Christ and the Army.

"Ah!" exclaimed the young convert, "Sister So-and-so wears puffed shoulders, and she has been saved for years, and supposed to be a good woman, so there cannot be any harm in it."

Oh, with what force these words went to my soul! Here is a lass who, had it not been for Sister Puffed-Shoulders, probably would have been a bright soldier of Christ. Instead, we find her to-day, a poor, lukewarm, never-to-the-front! Oh, the power of example! May God help you and me, reader, to be an example in all things!

BILLY WARE.

Wyoming.—Saturday, July 14th, was to be a red letter day in the S. A. here; the joys of that little band of stand-togethers was to be crowned that day by a visit from Commandant Booth. Hope was brilliant, expectation strong, faith mighty, but, alas, like all earthly prospects, they were doomed to destruction. "Commandant cannot come." Hope, expectation, faith reeled, tottered, balanced, said it could not fall at once, but went helplessly down in five minutes. But God, like our earthly physicians sometimes sweetens our bitter doses; He did so this time by sending Brigadier Margetts along to sooth our feelings, and I heard different ones say after the meeting that it was all right, and concluded that from the way Brigadier sprinkled the oil of gladness around that nearly every one got enough to heal their wounds. He excelled himself in the dedication service, and from the way he gave Brother and Sister Craig's little one to God and the Army they must feel that he no longer belongs to them. Your humble servant stayed over Sunday and had the joy of seeing one soul at the Cross and heard since that he was on the platform and testified. That's proper. Lieut. Bently and her no-coward-crowd are bent on victory. God bless them, their memory is sweet to me.—Capt. McKEEN.

Brandon, Man.—Lots of rain and sunshine have made lots of improvement on the crops, which brings cheer and gladness to the farmer. So our hearts have been cheered by the heavenly gales of blessing. We had some open-air meetings during the fair, sold all our WAR CRYS. Captain McGill was with us for last week-end, when two backsliders came to God, also one sister for sanctification.

One sister, who had taken herself off the altar of sacrifice, had got sick in soul and body, and she came again to God to give herself to Him, and after promising God to follow all the way, although the devil was tempting her, she would be no use for the field with such a body. God in a marvellous way can heal the soul and body.

Two men in the jail got saved last Sunday during the meeting, and another fellow got saved after the meeting; he went and fought it out with God. A godly man brought a load of hay into town to sell it, and was nearly two days, and could not sell, so he came to the quarters and asked me if we wanted any hay. Of course we did, as we have a horse. Then he went to draw the load the load to our stable, and as he was coming, a man wanted to know if his hay was for sale, and he said no, it was sold. There was nearly one ton and a half of hay. That's what I call full consecration.

A big farmers' picnic was going on last Thursday, and Cadet Phillips and I went War Cry selling; we enjoyed it.—Captain [illegible]

How They Die.

SISTER MAGGIE FLINTOFF, OSHAWA.

Death has again broken our small ranks in Oshawa. The angel came on Monday, July 16th, for Maggie Flintoff, who was converted under Captain Taylor about six months ago. Her life was pure; an example to all.

Many had shown a deep interest in her spiritual welfare, and often when her way was clouded she was cheered and encouraged. A few weeks previous to her death a comrade noticed she looked downcast, and going to her he said, "Hold on for a week or so and then all will be bright."

Praise God, she did hold on. While lying sick she would sing and pray for hours at a time.

We entertained great hopes of her some day being a bright soldier and a successful soul-winner, but, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, saith the Lord." He has taken her to Himself.

Her last testimony in the meeting was "I am saved and mean to go on and win souls for God." Her testimonies were not merely spun off, but were expressive of zeal, earnest, and love for God and His cause.

The funeral service was impressive, but the memorial service Sunday night was more so. Many felt they should come and serve her God and live such a noble life.

Three knelt at the Cross for salvation, and there promised to follow God. May they, along with all the soldiers, be true to God and the Army till death takes us up higher. Amen.

CAPTAIN H. C. BANKS.

Springhill Mines District, N. S.—We read that the olden time persecution of the churches scattered its followers into other towns and cities, where they preached Jesus, "and the hand of the Lord was with them, and a great number believed and turned unto the Lord." Blessed outcome of persecution.

To-day we hear of friends and soldiers of the ACADIA MINES' corps being scattered abroad because of the hard times and loss of work, the furnaces having closed up. Capt. R. Bowering and his few remaining soldiers, like true Salvationists, have also caught the spirit of the times and gone into the surrounding country and villages preaching Jesus, "and the hand of the Lord is with them," and already eight precious souls have been saved. Blessed outcome of hard times.

I always enjoy myself at this corps, and in company with Mrs. Creighton, young Wilfred and Captain Prince, I am due to visit it again Wednesday, August 1st.

Oh, PUGWASH, beautiful for situation, the joy of a summer's holiday! So say the thirteen Springhillites who visited your shores and enjoyed your sea-breezes on the glorious twelfth. But sight-seeing, sea-breezes, beautiful landscapes, etc., does not entirely "fill the bill" when a proper Salvationist is about. He must have something more practical.

This the officers and soldiers of the Pugwash corps had provided for, and the earthly man sat down to a well-spread banquet and strawberry festival, while the spiritual man rejoiced in the inspirations, opportunities and blessings of a Salvation Jubilee. Captains Heisler, of Stellarton; Prince, of Springhill; Mrs. Ensign Creighton, your humble servant, and the Springhillites did their best with song, music, testimony and entreaty to lead souls to Christ. Six of us were entertained for the night by Farmer Tuttle and family, who are five in number, all Salvationists, the two daughters being officers, now at home on furlough.

Captain Taylor and Lieutenant Newell, the officers in charge of this corps, are doing well. A few souls are being saved, with a general rise all round.

Hello, PARRSBORO, what's up? Why Ensign Hartrey, with the Halifax Brass Band, is to visit us on Thursday and Friday, 26th and 27th of July, in the interests of the Rescue Work, and as this is the month in which the S.A. opened fire on this town, our Captain and his ever wide-awake wife are seizing this opportunity to celebrate our eighth birthday. To this end a big program is prepared for the two days as follows:

First day.—Extraordinary banquet, introduction of Brass Band, and welcome to visiting officers, soldiers and friends, also an address on "Rescue Work, its Aim and Methods," by Ensign Hartry, "Mother" of the Halifax Home.

Second Day—Pic-nic by boat to Partridge Island, returning in time for the big musical meeting and Salvation Jubilee in the barracks at night. Expectations run high for this most glorious salvation time. Captain and Mrs. Facey are and have been in charge for some time and are putting forth herculean efforts to raise the corps, having visited during the month of June over ninety hours each, besides WAR CRY selling, meetings, etc., etc. A few souls are being saved and a firmer tone given to the corps. And what shall I say of TRURO. They beat us all in open-airs and knee-drills. It is a fine central town and has been chosen by the Brigadier as one of his famous camping grounds. What shall happen when the Brigadier and his force from New Glasgow, Halifax, and Springhill Districts meet together in this centre is at the present a matter of holy expectation and speculation.

"STOP, POOR SINNER, STOP AND THINK."

Captain Young and Lieutenant Gibson are leading the battle here, and everything is going fairly well. The officers having had to change their quarters and attend to the arrangements for the coming camp have been hindered in their visiting. I expect to spend this week-end there, and do my best to push the old chariot along. And now we come to SPRINGHILL MINES, the District Centre. What changes since we last reported. The quarters remodelled, Captain R. Bowering farewelled, Captain Prince welcomed, a staff of local officers commissioned, and a general field day on July the second, when all the officers and a good number of soldiers came in to take part in the Trades Union procession and meeting. In spite of the many attractions, the procession "took the cake" and drew the crowd. Inside, the meeting was unique and interesting, and many testified to receiving special victory and blessing.

We have also had victory in the soul-saving work, as twelve souls have been to the Cross during this month of July. May many more come before its close.—P. L. G[illegible], D. C.

A Series of Tent Meetings.

Brigadier Scott, the East Ontario Provincial Secretary, has arranged a series of tent meetings to be held in his province during the warm weather, which meetings are now being conducted by Staff-Captain Sharp, assisted by Captain Burrows and Lieutenants Bearchell and Carter, cornet and trombone players.

SUNBURY, in charge of Lieutenant Gilroy, was our first appointment. We accordingly set out, accompanied by Mrs. Staff-Captain Sharp, who, by the way, was the first to give herself to God in our meetings, and Lieutenant Morris, on July 7th, from Kingston. After a wearisome drive we reached this village full of faith and hope for a successful time. We were not disappointed, for with musical selections, vocal and instrumental, from Mrs. Sharp, Lieutenants Morris, Bearchell, Carter, and Gilroy, and some real, practical talk and exhortation from Staff-Captain Sharp and his staff of officers, a real wave of heaven's blessing was felt in all the meetings, resulting in the conversion of two souls and deep conviction on those who would not repent.

A musical festival and ice cream social was announced for Monday night, which was well attended, this being the final service of three days' tent meetings. We all retired at a late hour praising God for all that we had heard, seen, and felt during our much enjoyed visit to the noble village of Sunbury.

Notwithstanding the late hour in which we retired we had to rise early in order to reach Kingston before the burning sun could have a chance to display its power, to which city Brother Shannon, our host, had kindly offered to convey us. God bless him. Staff Captain and Mrs Sharp, Sister Watson, Brother Shannon, and the writer in one rig, while the three Lieutenants with tents, baggage, etc., brought up the rear.

This journey was more interesting than enjoyable, for amidst our wearisome feelings, struggling to keep our eyes open, there was a continual shower of dust, a great portion of which Staff-Captain Sharp and myself received. The Staff-Captain related the history of a well-known gentleman whose large county possession we were passing, keeping us wide awake with interest. Finally Kingston is reached, where we had a few hours' rest, which was spent principally in preparing for our anticipated journey.

GANANOQUE being the next on the list we travelled by boat. After two hours' sailing, which was made pleasant by the beautiful scenery which the River St. Lawrence affords to her travellers, we arrived in Gananoque. The renowned Captain Coate failing to meet us at the dock owing to the route he took, we started off to find the quarters, but before we succeeded in this we met a Salvationist who kindly invited us in and furnished us with that which is necessary to keep body and soul together. Later on Captain Coate arrived on the scene, and as there was no meeting on that night we soon arranged to have an open-air, which was full of life.

Next day being a public holiday and crowds of people thronging the streets we put forth an extra effort to reach some of them, which was not in vain, for in spite of other attractions on the street the Salvation Army had a large crowd of people who showed their sympathy for the Army by giving a good offering, while Lieutenant Bearchell played a musical duet, returning to barracks for meeting at two p.m.

Another open-air and meeting at night led by Staff-Captain Sharp, with one soul for salvation.

Pitching tents, drawing seats, and holding two open-airs and one indoor meeting was our Friday's work.

We rally again at 10:30 a.m. Saturday for open-air. Again at night for march, which formed to represent a cross, and with the appropriate choruses. A musical meeting was announced inside, which was heartily enjoyed by a large congregation, Mrs. Staff-Captain Sharp and Lieutenant Morris assisting at this meeting, also on Sunday. One more soul saved on Saturday and one for cleansing on Sunday.

Staff-Captain being called to the office for Monday and Tuesday, we were left alone. Dancing, shouting, weeping, etc., was the order of our holiness meeting. One soul on Monday, one for cleansing, and six for salvation on Tuesday.

An excursion was arranged from Kingston on Wednesday by the Salvationists to Gananoque, which included about 250 people with the brass band. This meeting surpassed anything for crowds and interest; solos, duets, band selections, etc., etc, were in abundance. Ensign Macgillivray was there in full trim for war. God bless the Kingston and Gananoque friends and soldiers who assisted in these meetings. This being our last meeting some considerable time was spent that night in pulling down tents, packing and carting the seats to the barracks, etc, as we anticipated leaving at an early hour next morning for Athens. We retired very tired, but praising God for eleven souls seeking for salvation and cleansing.

At 4 a. m. we were on our journey to ATHENS with Captain Coate as pilot and teamster. A few miles' drive and our hearts were delighted at the beautiful scenery all along the road. Having travelled come fourteen or fifteen miles by 7 a.m., we were feeling rather in need of refreshments, and as Providence would have it, a kind farmer had his gate thrown open for us to enter, which we did, feeling much better after some five or ten minutes by our basket of food and pail of lemonade, and after reading and praying with our kind friends, and having a view of the beautiful rock on his farm, we were soon on our way again, travelling on for about two hours more, with occasional halts for berry-picking, we unhitched our horses and let them feed while we all rested in the shade. Lieut. Carter falling off to sleep in the seat of the wagon was somewhat amazed and startled at his awakeing to find

A Snake by His Side on the Seat.

Soon it was caught and killed, while the Lieutenant remarked, "That is twice I've escaped the death by a serpent."

Horses hitched, all seated, off again, travelling until noon, when a saved Roman Catholic Frenchman came out and invited us in for dinner, which invitation was joyously accepted. He remarked he was a poor man, had raised twelve children, but since God saved him he never was hungry only from one meal to another. His was a wonderful case of conversion. May God keep him and his wife true.

Finally ATHENS is reached. Tent pitched, campaign started with open-air at 2:30. Everything went with a swing, even the offering was the best I have ever seen for a small place; no begging, but merely asked for, drum laid down and the money came in like a shower of rain; within five or six minutes we had $3 29 and only four coppers among it all. Praise God.

The meetings in this town were the best I ever have attended. We speak of power and glory, blessing and cheer, salvation and cleansing, but never for years have I been in such meetings as those which were held in Athens. Crowds every night. Sunday night there was about 200 people who could not gain admittance. The Rev. Mr. Haggar, Methodist minister, was present, and spoke very highly of the Army. Truly, it was good to be there. One lady offered to keep us two weeks if we would continue on. For the want of space I cannot enter into details; sufficient is to say that we closed four of the happiest days in our experience with fourteen souls for salvation and eight for cleansing. This is glory in our souls. One of our converts the day previous to her conversion went through trouble in her home, into the bush where we had our tent pitched,

To Hang Herself;

her husband taking the first rope away from her she went without one and peeled the bark off of a tree, made the noose and had all things ready when God seemed to stay her hand, thus saving her life. The following day she gave herself to God in our meeting, presented the two ropes to the Staff Captain, and afterwards her husband, who had been drinking, came to Christ, also the daughter. Now they are praising God in real blood-and-fire style. Glory to God!

This is only one of many wonderful cases we have had in Athens.

The Methodists closed down some of their meetings in order to be present at ours. God bless them! CAPTAIN BURROWS.

(To be continued.)

Yarmouth.—The past week has been one victory. Eleven souls were brought to God. God is with us in power.—Captain CURRY.

Prince Albert.—Praise God, we are still fighting the devil. The fight is hard here spiritually, but we are believing for victory. We had Major and Mrs. Read with us for four days, and we enjoyed their visit very much. We gave them a welcome banquet, and took in $32. The weather is very warm at present, but our soldiers are all alive, and mean to let the devil see that they intend business. We are well saved and have victory in our soul. —Capt. ISAACSON and Lieut. HICKS.

ON DRESS.

From Various Sources.

(Continued.)

Wesley writes strongly on this question, there is only room for a few extracts.

1. "St. Paul exhorts all those who desire to 'be transformed by the renewal of their minds,' and to 'prove what is that true and acceptable and perfect will of God.' Indeed, this exhortation relates more directly to the wisdom of the world, which is totally opposite to his 'good and acceptable and perfect will.' But it likewise has a reference to the manners and customs of the world, which naturally flow from its wisdom and spirit, and are exactly suitable thereto. And it is not beneath the wisdom of God to give us punctual directions in this respect also."

2. "But is it not strange," say some, "that the all-wise Spirit of God should condescend to take notice of such trifles as these, to take notice of such insignificant trifles, things of so little moment, or rather of none at all? For, what does it signify, provided we take care of the soul, what the body is covered with, whether with silk or sackcloth? What harm can there be in the wearing of gold, or silver, or precious stones, or any other of these beautiful things with which God has so amply provided us? May we not apply to this what St. Paul has observed on another occasion, that 'every creature of God is good, and nothing to be rejected'?"

3. The wearing of gay or costly apparel naturally tends to breed and increase vanity. By vanity I here mean the love and desire to be admired and praised. Every one of you that is fond of dress has a witness of this in your own bosom. Whether you will confess it or not, you are convinced of this before God. You know in your hearts it is with a view to be admired that you thus adorn yourselves, and that you would not be at the pains were none to see you but God and the holy angels. Now, the more you indulge this foolish desire the more it grows upon you. You have vanity enough by nature, but by thus indulging it you increase it a hundredfold. Oh, stop! Aim at pleasing God alone and all these ornaments will drop off. The wearing of gay and costly apparel naturally tends to beget anger, every turbulent and uneasy passion.

4. When you are laying out that money in costly apparel which you could have otherwise spared for the poor, you thereby deprive them of what God, the Proprietor of all, had lodged in your hands for their use. If so, what you put upon yourself, you are, in effect, tearing from the back of the naked; as the costly and delicate food that you eat you are snatching from the hungry. For mercy, for pity, for Christ's sake, for the honor of His Gospel, stay your hand! Do not throw this money away! Do not lay out on nothing, yea, on worse than a thing, what may clothe your poor, naked, shivering fellow-creature!

5. Do you ask, "But may we not as well buy fashionable things as unfashionable?" I answer, not if they give you a bold, immodest look, as those huge hats, bonnets, head-dresses do; and not if they cost more. "But I *can* afford it." Oh, lay aside for ever that idle nonsensical word! It is stark, staring nonsense to say, "Oh, I can *afford* this or that!" If you have regard to common sense let that silly word never come out of your mouth. No man living can *afford* to waste any part of what God has committed to his trust; none can *afford* to throw any part of the food and raiment into the sea which was lodged with him on purpose to feed the hungry and clothe the naked.

7. I beseech you, every man that is here present before God, every woman, young and old, married or single, yea, every child that knows good from evil, take this to yourself. Each of you, for one, take the apostle's advice; at least, hinder not others from taking it. I beseech you, oh, ye parents, do not hinder your children from following their own convictions, even though you may think they would look prettier if they were adorned with such gewgaws as other children wear! I beseech you, oh, ye husbands, do not hinder your wives! You, oh, ye wives, do not hinder your husbands, either by word or deed, from acting as they are persuaded in their own minds!

Notice also what Finney says upon this important subject:

"Suppose now, for the sake of argument, that it is not prohibited in the Word of God to follow the fashions, and that professing Christians, if they will, may *innocently* follow the fashions (I deny that it is innocent, but suppose it were), does not the fact that they do follow them when there are such calls for money, and time, and thought, and labor to save souls, prove conclusively that they do not love God nor the souls of men?

"Take the case of a woman whose husband is in slavery, and she is trying to raise money enough for his redemption. There she is, toiling and saving, rising up early and sitting up late, and eating the bread of carefulness, because her husband, the father of her children, the friend of her youth, is in slavery. Now, go to that woman and tell her that it is innocent for her to follow the fashions, and dress, and display like her neighbors. Will she do it? Why not? She does not desire it. She will scarcely buy a pair of boots for her feet; she begrudges almost the bread she eats, so intent is she on her great object.

"Another reason why professing Christians are required not to be conformed to the world in fashion is, the great influence their disregarding fashion would have on the world.

"If professing Christians would show their contempt for these things and not pretend to follow them or regard them, how it would shame the world, and convince the world that they were living for another object—for God and for eternity! How irresistible it would be! What an overwhelming testimony in favor of our religion! Even the apparent renunciation of the world by many order of monks, has doubtless done more than anything else to put down the opposition to their religion, and give it currency and influence in the world. Now, suppose all this was hearty and sincere, and coupled with all that is consistent and lovely in Christian character, and all that is bold and zealous in labors for the conversion of the world from sin to holiness, what an influence it would have! What thunders it would pour into the ears of the world to wake them up to follow God!"

Will every Christian woman consider well this important question and shake off the fetters that have hindered them in their own soul's progress and in being a real blessing to others.

This is the sincere desire of one who for over ten years has proved the advantages of dressing to please God alone. Amen.

Fredericton, N.B.—Still in for victory. Since last you heard from here, God has given us the victory.

Wednesday night, one soul for salvation; Thursday night, one backslider returned home to God, and another sinner sought and found salvation. Friday, two for sanctification. Blessed meeting all day Sunday, much conviction was felt. Holiness meeting, one for salvation and two for sanctification. Hallelujah. Comrades all on fire for the salvation of souls. Praise God for salvation. [illegible] in the fountain at night.—C[illegible]

New Glasgow District Notes.

Humble apologies, dear Editor. This is the first batch, not for lack of interesting facts to record, but—but——

Mrs. Watson accompanied me on my last trip to CAPE BRETON, which, by the way, is one of the most beautiful parts of God's creation (but which is past my powers of description), so much so that visitors from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the States resort thither in summer in crowds. We had fourteen cars and two engines on our trip, but were one hour and a half late for meeting for all that; had to give them another night to make up.

SYDNEY is a hard go and no mistake. Not many soldiers. It seems to be a foregone conclusion in the minds of the people that there will never be a revival in Sydney. We tried to disabuse their minds on this point and show it was not God's fault souls were not saved, but their own sin in not repenting and turning to God. That was a lovely open-air meeting; hundreds stood and listened with the best attention to the truth. Gave good drum collection, over $2.

Sydney town band is a model band in more than one respect. They never play past the Army march, but always stop on their approach; they do not allow any drink in their band room, neither will they play for dances. They are a fine, gentlemanly lot of boys; if they were only saved they would make good soldiers. Thank you for your kindness, Bandmaster McKenzie and boys; give your hearts to God.

Captain Barton and her Lieutenant hold the fort. God has given them two souls since their command. God bless them. Their work is telling, and will tell in time and eternity.

NORTH SYDNEY next night. Bigger crowd in the open-air than ever, hundreds stood around, several nationalities were represented. God helped us to deal with them for eternity. Oh, how they listened, excepting a few Frenchmen! but at the close a couple of sharp shots in French arrested their attention, and they clapped their hands, apparently either delighted to hear the good truth in French, or the bad French in truth, I did not know which; however, they gave us over three dollars on the drum. We had a good meeting also inside.

North Sydney people like the Salvation Army. We are sadly hindered with such a small hall, but are hoping to make arrangements for a new one.

Constable McKenzie is a good friend of the Army, preserving peace in the open-air and at the hall; his kindness is much appreciated. God bless him.

Captain Andrews holds the fort. We were kindly entertained at our friend, Mr. Jackson's, during our stay.

PICTOU, I am hoping, will move under the leadership of Capt. Hoar and wife.

STELLARTON BRAVES are a fine lot. We enjoyed a good meeting there recently. The crowd stayed till we closed at ten o'clock.

Captain and Mrs. Bowring have farewelled from WESTVILLE after a good fight. They leave with a little daughter, of whom it will be said, "that this one was born there."

NEW GLASGOW. Well, we are fighting away, especially in the open-air. Eight souls knelt at the drum in one open-air meeting last Monday in TRENTON, and two the week before. It was a time of power, so Captain Parsons and the soldiers say. I was not privileged to be there. We are planning and scheming and working with all our hearts for the salvation of souls, the upbuilding of His kingdom, the help and blessing of officers and soldiers, realizing God is with us. Well saved and happy. Glory to God! J. WATSON.

Orillia.—Ensign Blackburn was with us Monday and Tuesday, and enrolled two recruits; had good meetings, two backsliders came home. Hallelujah.—Captain REDYE.

Peterboro'.—Sinners are getting saved. On Sunday, two precious souls left the devil's ranks, and are now sailing for the hallelujah harbor. Ensign McDonald and Captain Cameron are working hard to get sinners saved in the open-air as well as in the indoor meetings. They are bound to reach those who never come into our barracks, and try to lead many to Jesus. Oh, may God fill each one of us with a greater desire to go out on the streets and tell of Jesus and His love to poor, dark souls who never go into any place of worship. Jesus is willing and able to save the vilest sinners if they will only yield to Him. We are still bound to pull the devil's kingdom down.—Sergeant MAY LANG.

How God Led Me.

ETTIE WHITTEKER.

My parents are Christians and members of the Lutheran Church, and father is an S. A. Auxiliary. I always loved to attend church and Sunday school, seldom being absent if it were possible for me to get there, and I was, at the time of my conversion, organist of the church to which my parents belonged. In the eyes of those who look on the outward appearance, I was considered very good indeed, while the eyes of Him who looketh into the heart saw me lying low

In the Gutter of Morality

and self-righteousness.

Not being allowed by my parents to enter into the pleasures and fashions of this world as much as I would like to have done, I often longed to be free from their control, or else free in Christ Jesus. I wanted freedom of some kind.

The first I ever heard of the existence of the Salvation Army was a year or two before I became one of them.

The Lutheran minister and his wife were visiting at our house and the conversation turned on dress—a very natural topic for women to discuss. The minister's wife said, "I saw some women in the United States who dressed perfectly plain. They didn't care what anyone thought about them, and they did seem so happy. They called themselves 'The Salvation Army.'" And though I had never seen them I thought they must be right, and I longed, oh, so much, to be just as free and happy as they were.

ETTIE WHITTAKER.

It was in May, 1888, they came to Morrisburg, and I went to hear them.

Well do I remember the first meeting I ever attended. In the midst of it I found myself crying

As if My Heart Would Break.

I did not then know why, but see that it was God's Spirit at work.

Their music charmed me, not because it came from some well-trained vocalists, but because they *sang* what they *felt*. They sang that they were free and happy, and I knew it to be so by their free manner and their happy countenances. One chorus in particular "hit the nail on the head" in my case. It was this:

"I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb, I am,
I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb, I am,
You all may be free and as happy as me,
Get washed in the blood of the Lamb."

And as their leader, Captain Flo. Viner (now in glory), sang it, I felt that even the angels could not look much more beautiful than she did. I longed, oh, so much, to have the freedom and happiness she possessed.

When the prayer-meeting commenced the Lieutenant came to me and said something about getting ready for heaven, but in order

To Hide My Tears

I kept my face hid from her, and answered her not a word. With the words, "God bless you, dear," she left me.

It all seemed so strange to me. No one had ever in such a definite, practical way asked God's blessing on me personally before, or had urged me to become converted. I was always told to "live a Christian life," but felt in my own heart that I had to become a Christian before I could "live a Christian life," and could not understand how to go about it until the Army lassie told me in their plain, simple language. Is it any wonder, then, that I love the Salvation Army?

I went home from that meeting, not to sleep, but to weep, and on my knees by my bedside cried for pardon.

Did I receive it then?

No, for the Army penitent-form rose up before me like a mountain, and I could not find peace. Still I thought I could be a Christian by praying in my own room without going to

That Penitent-Form,

because I had sought forgiveness. I tried to persuade myself that I was converted while still living in disobedience to the heavenly call. But instead of having a Christian's peace, I became more miserable every day. At night I was afraid to go to sleep lest I should wake up in eternity—lost.

I saw plainly that God wanted me in the Army, and being of a timid, bashful nature, I did shrink from making myself so conspicuous.

I continued in this state for three weeks, when in a public holiness meeting, led by Adjt. Marshall (now Staff Capt.), I literally tore myself from friends, church, and old associates to follow God in the Army. While walking to the penitent-form, I felt the burden of my heart roll away. I don't know where it went to, but I haven't had it since. Oh, it was beautiful. The peace and joy those Army folks possess was mine at last.

The next day being Saturday, I engaged an organist for the coming Sunday, and resigned the following week. On Saturday night instead of going to choir practice I was

Marching the Streets

with the despised Salvation Army under the penetrating gaze of different members of the choir. I felt quite happy, though, and went about as one in a pleasant dream, for the old burden was gone, and I had such peace.

I was quite young then, and my friends naturally would, and the majority did think that I was being led about by strange doctrines of men. They could not understand it. I did not not quite understand it all either, but the less I understood the more I trusted. God had called me, and that was enough; it was my business to obey.

So, by the grace of God, this timid, bashful girl was converted into a Salvation Army soldier and WAR CRY Sergeant.

Thus I worked for some time, when I distinctly heard the voice of my God saying, "Get thee out of thy country and and from thy kindred, and come into the land which I shall show thee."

After much struggling and wrestling within, I laid all upon the altar, the Holy Ghost fire burned up all the dross, and I entered the Ottawa Training Home, September 24th, 1889, with but one object in view—that of spending my life in

Rescuing the Perishing.

From there I was sent to Waterloo, Quebec, as Lieutenant, then to Richmond. One short year I experienced the sweet joy of being at the battle's front, then my fondest hopes were almost crushed, as I was laid aside through a severe illness, and forced to resign and become a soldier.

Over two years I was under the doctor's care, and feet almost touched the borderland of the New Jerusalem. But God has raised me up—to Him be the glory—and though I have not yet regained my former health and strength, I am growing stronger daily, the old fire is burning brighter in my soul, my zeal for God's cause is becoming more ardent, the old love has never been changed for a new one, and to-day finds me still longing to enter the work so dear to my heart.

"Peace may be dear to the veteran grown weary o' war's alarms,
But now I'm longing for battle, the clash and the clang of arms;
Death by-and-bye will be welcome if I have been faithful and true—
Now, there is life to be lived, and I have so much to do.
Now is the time for battle; now I would strive with the best;
Now is the time for labor; hereafter remaineth a rest.'

Winnipeg Garrison.—We are giving it to the devil in proper style here in Winnipeg. After an all-day's battle with sin, on Sunday night we had three souls out for salvation, and there were others who were convicted. Glory to God, He is giving us the victory.—Cadet R. RIACH.

Norland.—The people enjoyed their visit immensely. Some think Adjutant is just their idea of what a proper Salvationist should be. Collections very good. All would have been satisfaction if souls had got saved, and they will never get that aching void filled unless they do.—Capt. MCLENAGHAN, Lieut. MITCHELL.

Fort William.—"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow." Last week two backsliders returned, and are determined to let the Master lead them in the future. Four months in the service of God and His Army. The fighting has been hard, but we keep trusting in a conquering Saviour, Who will never leave us, nor forsake us.—A. WALKER.

St. Catharines.—St. Kitt's still to the front. Meetings getting better, CRYS sold out, and God is blessing us.

On Sunday two precious souls wept their way to the Cross, hallelujah! One has since testified to the children at home noticing the change. "Take hold," is still our motto.—FRED YOUNG, for Ensign ARBUTT.

Essex.—We have just had a visit from Captain and Mrs. Crook, the G.B.M. agents. The people were much interested with his account of the social work.

We had good meetings all day Sunday, and at night two souls (backsliders), a man and wife returned to God, while others sat shaking under the power of God, but would not yield. We shall all be very glad to see Captain Crook again. We are also glad to be able to tell the WAR CRY readers that there are still some in Essex who are walking with white robes, and holding up the standard of heart-purity.—Lieutenant TOOKE.

Newcastle, N. B.—I have often felt like writing a report for you, but the W. P. B. seemed to get the victory over me every time in the past. I will try and tell you how we are getting along here. Thank God, we are all well saved and fighting away. Our meetings are well attended, both inside and in the open-air. The Spirit of God is working. Saturday night, and all day Sunday we had Sergeant-Major Bovard, from Moncton, and Brother Miller, of St. John, with us. Meetings good, grand times all day. Closed Sunday night with two souls seeking salvation, and God set them free. Many more are under conviction. We believe before very long they, too, will cry for mercy.—Secretary ANDERSON.

Petrolia. — We have been praying and believing for successful camp meetings. God has not disappointed us. We encamped against the enemy at Glenrae.

PRINTING,
PAINTING,
POSTING,
PASTING,
PEGGING,
PULLING,
PRAYING.

Fierce and long the battle raged,
The Lord came very near,
Five poor sinners got converted,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer,

One brother woo had been a backslider for twenty-five years came home and gave a clear testimony to the saving power of God. We pulled our tent pegs and camped again in Mr. Kerr's grove, Petrolia. Beautiful grove and beautiful weather was in our favor. We had Brigadier Margetts with us on Sunday, and the people turned out well; tent packed at night, and one backslider came to God. Meetings were so good we announced them again for the next Sunday. The Rev. Mr. McPherson read the Word at the night meeting, and drove the truth straight home. Great conviction was in the meeting, but none yielded. The tent was packed, although large, and nearly as many were outside; people came who had never been to an Army meeting before. Many were blessed and encouraged, and we pray that good fruit may come from the seed that was sown.—Lieut. G. SMITH for Ensign CLARKE, Petrolia.

OUR 'WORLD PROGRESS'

The Month's Advance.

THE VICTORY WAVE TOPS ALL PAST RECORDS.

A Marvellous International Congress and String of Victories Recorded from the Nations.

Cosmopolitan Britain.

The fact of the Army's world-wide advance has been emphasised in the eyes of the Salvation Army Universal both by the colossal Crystal Palace Demonstration and by the International field and staff councils held afterwards, but especially by the latter.

The first series of events of this kind occurred in 1886, the Congress under consideration is the second. At the former 2,000 officers, representing twenty-seven countries, assembled in London. At this latter there were close on 4,000 officers, who carried the flags and voiced the needs and claims of forty countries.

"Not only were there fewer countries represented at the first Congress, but our invasion of heathen territory was then confined to mere skirmishes at the out-posts. Visions of conquest among the Latin and Scandinavian races were then but few. Only glimmering rays of light above on the problems which at that time were looming upon our horizon with terrible blackness. Heathen at home and abroad were clamouring for our sympathy and help. The General had not conceived the great scheme which afterwards startled the world and revived the hopes of a drooping, waning Christianity. But, behold! seated in the International Congress Chamber for four days 475 officers of staff rank. That is, men and women who have reached positions of trust and earned the confidence of their leaders by godliness, self-sacrifice, and ability. They represented Territorial Commanders, Provincial and Divisional officers, Departmental chiefs, including experts in legal, property, financial, trade and literary work. Men and women who have grown up with the Army. Men and women who are typical of the classes among whom Jehovah has helped us to win the most wonderful of triumphs. Men and women, many of whom were at one time numbered among the hopeless and oppressed of the earth. A Major was, a few years ago, a low caste slave. An Adjutant was a circus clown. A Staff-Captain was, at one time, a typical waif, the son of drunken parents in an English provincial city, but now the head of a Salvation Army College. A Brigadier was a Continental Socialist, ripening into an Anarchist, when the Army came his way. A converted drunkard from Newfoundland spoke for the Dominion of Canada. Here sat a former Indian Civil servant, and there two Russian princesses, one of whom has just been appointed to organize Rescue Work in a continental city. Here are two ladies of high birth and education, now the energetic commanders of their respective Fatherlands. There sit six former University graduates, and here two business men.

What an array of facts and how pregnant with meaning! To quote from our English contemporary again:

The Army has long since ceased to be a national and one-sided organization. It may be compared to nothing short of a vast empire, whose government, agencies, and ambassadors are emancipating, shaping, and moulding the destinies of nations. An International Congress is not an ordinary event in its history, as we have already stated. It is our Imperial Parliament, the scope of which will best be understood from the following subjects that were considered:

Salvation Army Government.	Training.
Salvation Army Regulation.	Appointments.
Salvation Army Leadership.	The Junior War.
Education.	Widows and Orphans of Officers.
The Army and the Churches.	Music.
The Army and Politics.	Outdoor Warfare.
The Army and Social Questions.	The Social Scheme.
Trade.	Drink, Gambling, Vice, etc.
Finance and Property.	

To be present at such a council is one of the great events of a lifetime, and is a sight worthy the brush of a Michael Angelo. The central figure in the octagon shaped Temple in which the councils are convened is, of course, the General. That tall, Elijah-like figure with the strong features, keen, eagle eye, practical forehead, and long silvered hair and beard forms a worthy centre to the tier on tier of strong yet benevolent physiognomies of the men and women sitting in circles around him.

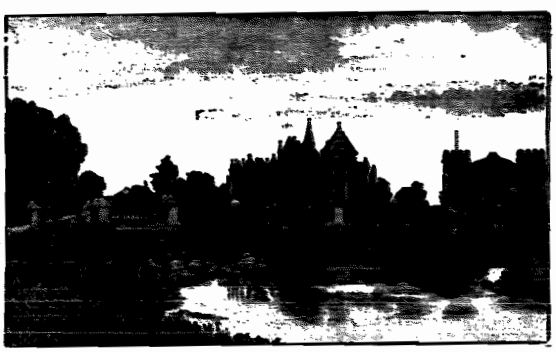
In immediate proximity to the General will be seen the deeply-thoughtful face of the Chief of Staff; the Marechale's supernaturally-lighted consecration bearing evidences of high resolve; Miss Eva's Grecian profile with the wavy mass of hair and those deep-feeling dark eyes; straight, sharp-nosed, lynx-eyed, sturdy John-Bull-like Commissioner Higgins, will also be there, and a number of other leading officers.

The frequent contrasts, too, of the red and blue uniform with the various national costumes, interspersed here and there with dark-skinned, gleaming-eyed, white-turbaned Orientals, strikes the imagination most powerfully, and forms a sight both fascinating and unique, and which it is impossible to erase from memory's page.

No wonder that with such a gathering of praying people, for long years used to the actual grip of the war, faith rises, inspiration descends, the holy wave lifts the General to a wondrous plane of sympathetic effort on behalf of a lost world, and the love-flow of of Divine power that prevails is like another Pentecost.

Throughout the council the General was most marvellously upheld physically. He couldn't have been less than eight hours per day upon his feet. Though assuming at first the leadership under physical disability, caused by a return from an old complaint—sciatica—day by day found him stronger in frame and fresher in spirit. Then there was the subject-matter itself! It completely lifted discussion from the atmosphere of personal and detail. And yet, as each phase of the war was reviewed, those most concerned felt as though the General's deliverances were specially applied to them. Certainly at no former Council or Congress has there been such straightforward, penetrating talk on the one hand, and less disposition manifested to waste time in mere criticism. For intelligent grasp, the perception of principles, realization, and acceptance of responsibility, the Congress has had no equal.

The International Congress, while ringing out in clarion chime the actual advance, will also re-act on the whole Army, unifying our forces and inspiring our leaders to further and unabated effort for the glory of God, the furtherance of the claims of Jesus Christ, and the temporal and eternal salvation of that world which "lieth in the arms of the wicked one." God speed the war!



A View of Christchurch, New Zealand, showing the New S. A. Citadel on the right hand corner.

U. S. of America.

With the map so characteristic of them, in full fling forward with their Jubilee efforts, a list of which we recently supplied our readers. Commander Ballington Booth with his attractive International Congress party positively fascinated the British public, and carried off high honors for America. During the Commander's absence Mrs. Ballington Booth held the reins of government, both for herself and her husband, at the administration centre, New York, telling early and late, and to quote the exact words of the New York *Cry*, "putting us all to shame," in respect to her hours of labor. The WAR CRY boom for a circulation of 100,000 copies is not making the progress desired, if we may judge from the accompanying cartoon, which we reproduce from the New York *Cry*; but it will not be the fault of that energetically managed paper if any person lags, for every number contains some smart rub for those who are dilatory in the work. The enrolling of the 5 000 new soldiers and the enlistment of 350 new officers is being pushed on, each of the Provincial officers having issued a manifesto declaring the proportion of the whole program for which they are responsible, and pledging themselves and their followers to successful effort. Amongst the Jubilee promotions, are the following: Chief Divisional Officer, Major Richard Keane; C.D.O., Major Keppel; C.D.O., Major Brewer; C.D.O., Major Hole; C.D.O., Major French; C.D.O., Major Cousins, to be Brigadiers; Editor Marshall, from Staff-Captain to Major; Staff-Captains Merton and Addie, to be Majors. Prosperity to the Stars and Stripes.

IN THE MUSEUM.

"This, ladies and gents, is the relic of a past age—what we known in Major S——'s Division as a *War cry curious boomerate*, or, in common English, 'War Cry' boomer—a species now almost extinct in that particular neighborhood.

"The lady to the right of the boomer also represents practitioner of a lost art in some divisions—the Order of the Followers of Miriam."—*New York Cry.*

Australia.

Australia, in the absence of her Commissioner, forges ahead. The various P O's. there are full-blaze with the Jubilee advance. To our perspective view, Colonel Dowdie appears to be one of the most prominent figures at the battle's front there, the latest records of the number of seekers at his campaigns, being twenties, fifties, and nineties.

Lack of space prohibits enumerating other countries' advances; but throughout the world the Jubilee has furnished a keynote, which is unlocking the way to mighty efforts for further and wider conquests in every land.

Colonel and Mrs. Dowdie at the Centenary Hall, Sydney, Australia.

Here in Canada we can give a good account of ourselves: Mrs. Booth has just concluded a perfectly successful campaign at London, having raised a total of $400 towards the balance of $1,000 needed for the Spiritual and Social and Property Scheme; then, while here in Toronto, the Commandant has dedicated a mission ship, the *William Booth*, to the salvation of the lakeside populations. Provincial Officers Margetts and Read, report wonderful captures of souls and many of the field officers' reports tell the glorious news of souls saved in the open air meetings.

God prosper the Jubilee advance through Canada and the world.

What Have I Done For God?

It was the evening of the 1st of July; everything looked beautiful all around. The noise of the waves upon the shore as they murmured on the beautiful pebbles drew my attention from the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies, where the sun was gently disappearing behind the peak of a very high mountain. Ah! what had I been looking at? What a beautiful picture! Yes, and it was God's handiwork, the Almighty, the great "I Am," the God Who made you and me. What a beautiful world He has given us to live in! What have we done for Him in return—we who have taken upon us the name of Christ, we who wear the Army uniform and march the streets every night perhaps, we who go to church, we who have taken the sacrament? Have we been worthy, or have we not? Have we done it with a single eye to God's glory, or has it been a sham? Have we made a mark that will stand after those snow-capped mountains have passed away? Or did we sneer at some brother or sister who was just starting on the heavenly road but was not just as smart as ourselves? Would Jesus do that? Have we watched Him, have we tried to be like Him? Would He not have a word of cheer for the weak one, and said, "Be of good comfort, thy faith hath made the whole?"

Yes, when I look back at the past and see how often I have grieved Him, how I shrank from my cross, what a wonderful Saviour He must be to deal so mercifully with me, and spare me to see the time when I am no longer ashamed of Him, the time that I want to do more for Him than I have done in the past.

Is that your desire, dear reader? Remember, God says if the righteous scarcely be saved where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?

PETER HUNTER.

Canadians Out of the Fog.

THREE CANADIANS INTERVIEWED.

(From the English "Cry.")

Our ever-vigilant interviewer was early on the track in making an acquaintance of three members of the above. The first was:

Staff-Captain Jewer,

now representing Canadian Headquarters at Congress. He is a brawny Newfoundlander, who visits the mother country for the first time.

"You were out of a good thing last week," suggested our interviewer to this officer in his reference to great C.P.

"Yes; thanks to a fog which met us as we got to the island of Newfoundland, and which hugged us for about thirty hours, we landed at Liverpool a day behind the fair through circumstances over which we had no control. It was a huge disappointment."

"A word, Staff Captain, as to your impression of the Old Country?"

"Well, I am delighted. Everything has far exceeded my expectations. The Army is wonderful, the country is beautiful, and the people most kind and hospitable."

"Then you have good hope of the future?"

"Indeed I have. The love and loyalty of officers and soldiers towards the Army were never so marked, and there is a blessed period of sunshine before us. The Commandant is beloved by us all. Things were very trying for him at first, but he has weathered the storm, and his coming to Canada has proved a real God-send. As to Mrs. Booth, well, it would be impossible for any soldier or officer to regard her with other than feelings of affection."

"Canada's Jubilee program is a gigantic one. Will it be carried through successfully?"

"Of course it will! The Commandant has put his hand to the plough, and you may depend upon it there will be no turning back, for his officers mean to support him through thick and thin."

"There are fifty schemes, you know."

"Well, what of that? Some of them have already been completed, and we shall carry out the whole shoot."

"Which scheme do you regard as being the most important?"

"The raising of three hundred additional officers. It is a big order, I admit, but, by God's help, it will be done. Lack of officers has been our great drawback in the past; but we are confidently anticipating that this difficulty will shortly be remedied as the result of our Jubilee effort."

"And you regard the future with confidence?"

"Yes. I firmly believe the Army in Canada is destined to do a magnificent work for the honor and glory of God in the future. Everything ahead of us seems bright and encouraging."

"And does that apply to the more Catholic parts of the Dominion?"

"Distinctly so. Of late we have made marvellous strides with our French work, in which the Commandant is taking a deep interest. In Quebec, especially, we have had big crowds and scarcely any opposition."

"What is the feeling of your people with regard to the General's approaching visit?"

"We are more than delighted. There will be no mistake about the welcome—the real, hearty, loyal, Canadian welcome—we shall give him. Officers and soldiers are already looking forward to the visit with great expectancy."

Staff-Captain Howell

is stationed in the Maritime, or Eastern, Province, as second to Brigadier Jacobs, about a thousand miles distant from his comrade Jewer. He is a Welshman, and came out of Penarth. As our interviewer had intimated his intention of calling upon the Staff Captain at Congress Hall, on Wednesday last, he had prepared a few facts relative to his sphere of operations, the substance of which appears below.

Asked as to the present condition of affairs in the Eastern part of the Dominion, Staff-Captain Howell remarked that it was highly satisfactory.

"We have one Food Depot and Shelter at Halifax," said he, "which promises to be a great success. We have also two Training Garrisons for men and women, and two Rescue Homes, besides which, Brigadier Jacobs has succeeded in securing buildings as Provincial Headquarters, at St. John, New Brunswick, at a great bargain."

"And what of the officers and soldiers?"

"We have many of the most loyal and devoted men and women in the Army. Of the officers I may say that some of them do not receive a halfpenny a week salary, and we don't hear any grumbling or murmuring. Brigadier Jacobs has been in the Province five years, and has had much to do with moulding these officers. He is as popular now as when first he entered upon his duties. We are now in the midst of our camp meetings, and are having wonderful success in the soul-saving line. Formerly we looked forward to these meetings with a certain amount of dread, but it is not so now; in fact, we regard them as our great harvest-time. I have no doubt that just now they are having a wonderful season. Since Brigadier Jacobs has been in command, also, a large number of barracks have been built in the Province, and I may safely say that just now everything is in good condition."

"Was the recent Toronto Congress a success?"

I have never known a better series of meetings during the eight years of my service in the Dominion."

"What are your views with regard to the future of the Army in Canada?"

"I have no fear of the future. The work was never in such a flourishing condition as at present, and everything augers well for the continued success of the Army throughout the Dominion. The Commandant is the right man in the right place. Since I have been in Canada I have learnt not a little of his value. I realise that we have in him one of the best men in the Army, while his wife is much beloved in all parts."

"Are you allowed to hold open-airs without let or hindrance?"

"Yes; we have got the authorities and everybody else on our side. The Mayor of the city in which our headquarters are situated met me in the street a few days before I left for England, and begged me to inform the Brigadier that he should be only too glad to do anything he could to help forward the beneficent work of the Army. That is only a sample of the feeling of the authorities towards us."

"Then the outlook is bright?"

"It is. We have turned the corner and are now going straight ahead to victory, under the able leadership of our Commandant. We thank God for him, and trust the General will see fit to allow him to remain with us for some years to come. The loyalty and devotion of the officers towards him at the late Toronto Conference were very fully demonstrated."

"And what have you to say of Old England?"

"Well, I am glad to acknowledge and recognise that she is the mother of the Salvation Army, and the feeling, I believe, is general, that she shows her children a good example in every respect. Speaking personally, I can say that the Congress meetings have been a great blessing to me, and it has been a magnificent treat to hear the General. I am anticipating a wonderful time when he pays us a visit."

Ensign Rennie

represents the Western Province, far away in British Columbia. "Mine was a double disappointment," she said, in reply to a remark from our interviewer having reference to the C. P. "In consequence of the floods I was unable to go through Canada, but had to travel *via* San Francisco. Then there was the fog, through which we were delayed some thirty hours."

"Is the work going ahead in British Columbia?" enquired the *War Cry* man.

"Beautifully," replied the Ensign, with a bright smile upon her face. "We are building barracks, establishing a Food Depot and Shelter at Vancouver, and marching to victory all along the line."

"Are the people favorably disposed towards you?"

"Yes, very; and there is a glorious work before us in the West. The people love the Salvation Army, and are very liberal in their contributions. Our last Self-Denial realized over 1,800 dollars, which was a considerable increase on last year's total."

"And you like the folk?"

"I do, indeed. I feel that I wholly belong to them, though I am Scotch as a matter of fact, and have only been associated with the work in Canada about five and a-half years, four of which I have spent in the West. They are a splendid people, and are already most impatient to greet their General."

Brigadier Scott on the Wing.

The Provincial Secretary for Eastern Ontario paid a flying visit to the Territorial Headquarters this week. Much to our satisfaction we approached him at a moment when he was in a communicative frame of mind, and gladly hand over the result of the interview to the War Cry.

First we enquired after the welfare of Kingston, the cheerful town of happy memory.

"Ah!" responded the Brigadier, "the old Limestone City still stands where it stood. The country is looking lovely."

The question of the crops naturally followed.

"Yes," he continued, "there is every prospect of a bountiful harvest. I have been travelling through the Peterboro' and Belleville districts, and the crops are looking fine—magnificent!—and well ahead for the time of the year. The majority of the farmers have their grain cut—of course that's early. Apples appear to be in abundance. The Kingston and Belleville markets are crowded with farmers bringing in their produce. Some corn is gathered already. All round the land the prospects are GOOD."

"The promises are bright for our Harvest Thanksgiving Festival this year, then?"

"Oh, yes, certainly! We are expecting to do great things.

"We shall profit by our last year's experience no doubt. Then, coming earlier in the year as it is, there is nothing to prevent it from being a mighty success."

"How do you think we are getting along with our Jubilee Program? How are the schemes progressing in your Province, the

Jubilee Candidates

for instance?"

"There again we are doing well. The call is being responded to nicely. We have had as many as three applications in one day; good material, too, from all round the field. We have four from Kingston in the field already, and three candidates in the corps still, and five or six others beside, in the rest of the country. Other corps are doing well, too. Each district, of course, has its target, and there is a fine amount of enthusiasm both in the Staff and field on the matter, and strong faith that we shall reach our number."

"And as to the General's coming?"

"Oh, expectation among the people runs high! Hopes are A1—tip-top! When he comes he will find a proper, rousing, hearty, Salvation welcome."

"You have had an interview with the Commandant on the matter, have you not?"

"Yes, I have just come from a discussion with reference to it. Quebec will in all probability be visited. After that he will go on to Ottawa, touching at Cornwall and other points, en route for Kingston. Here he will put in the Sunday. He will start for Picton and Belleville, and finally two days at Peterboro'. I am delighted to be able to say that the General will visit some of the smaller places, too. This will increase the

Splendid Enthusiasm

all throughout Eastern Ontario. Efforts will be made to bring all the officers and soldiers together to the various centres, so that nobody may miss the glorious opportunity they will have of seeing our noble and beloved General."

"You understand he is coming in our new yacht, on the St. Lawrence?"

"Yes, and we are arranging to have a boat to run up beside her, to welcome him, filled with soldiers and friends, and the band playing gaily. We shall meet him at Morrisburg, calling at Preston and Ogdensburg, and accompanying him as far as Brockville.

"Again the same thing at Picton. we shall accompany him to Belleville. Calls will probably be made at Deseronto en route."

"God bless our General!"

"Amen!"

"The rest of the Jubilee program—is that going on well, too?"

"Yes; especially we are in for bringing up our soldiers' roll. Our targets are fixed for an increase of 550. That looks big, but we are all determined to touch the mark. We are going in wholesale. The

Montreal Alterations

are included in the Jubilee Schemes. We are making considerable improvement. We are going to give the hall a clean face in the shape of a new baptism of paint throughout. Ensign McLean has the matter well in hand. The carpentering is already let out, so, also, is the painting. The date of re-opening is the last Sunday in August, when the Commandant or Mrs. Booth will probably conduct the meeting, and so the whole will get a fine new start in life.

"Kingston, too, comes under the heading of the Jubilee improvements. Here we are also arranging to paint the barracks. Of course, you know, we purpose to let a little more light into the hall by putting new windows in the sides."

"You have been having some good camp meetings?"

"Oh, yes, beautiful camp meetings, blessed times."

"Finally, how is your little girl?"

"Doing well, praise God! She is a charming little creature. Would you just mention that Mrs. Scott and I have had many letters of congratulation and sympathy, and we would like to thank all our friends, and give our love to our comrades everywhere."

Guelph.—Well, praise God, we can first report victory in our own souls and then in our work. Last Sunday one soul came to Jesus and got saved from her sin, and many others are convicted; one man wept at the open-air meeting, and we are believing he will soon get saved. Things are getting on a move here, and our prospects for the future are bright. The War Cry breeze has raised our War Crys fifteen, and we expect to go higher still. If you would like your readers to hear good singing, good music, and good praying, just tell them to come for a week-end to Guelph.—Ensign L. Ogilvie, Captain M. Branigan, Lieut. M. Essary.

Kinmount.—We had with us Adjutant Manton, Ensign Ayre, and Captain Huxtable. They were only here a few minutes when you might have seen them into work cutting wood for the quarters, next laying some planks down into the river so as we could get our soft water easy. Lieutenant, ironing; Adjutant, oh, dear, melting hot, no air, down street, back with some tools, and in a short time you could seem them all doing their best to let in the beautiful breezes by a trap window, which stands open for a table. Meetings all alive; people wondering what was up. Some were carrying benches and a chair, but soon a square was formed with benches, a packing box, chair, and a block of wood composed the pulpit and steps. Here we had a proper open-air meeting, each speaker mounting the packing case. The people listened attentively. While the Adjutant spoke on Social work he also asked for necessairies for our quarters. He will be glad the people have already helped us to a wash tub and water-pail, tea-pot, dish-pan, and some other things. Yes, and one man is making us a lounge. Hallelujah!—Capt. [illegible] and Lieut. [illegible].

RATTLE
— OF THE —
SALVATION MUSKETRY.

Stirring News of the Fight from all Round the Dominion.

Wyoming.—We are glad to be able to report one soul and more convicted. Praise God.—Lieutenant BESTLEY.

Halifax I.—On Tuesday night two souls came to the Cross, one a military man, the other a sailor. Good meetings all day Sunday. Two souls sought salvation in the night meeting. Praise God.—Sergeant-Major CASBIN.

Jellette, North Dakota.—I do find so much pleasure in reading the WAR CRY. I have been a soldier two years last May, and I feel more like going on than ever. I mean to stand true to God and the Salvation Army. —MRS. OBARA CARON.

Bothwell.—Although the fight has been hard, and clouds have been hanging round, thank God the Sun of Righteousness has risen with healing in His wings.

A week ago last Sunday, after some desperate attacks on the enemy's ranks, one poor backslider got saved and set on fire. We are believing for a revival here, and an outpouring of God's Spirit on this place. May God grant it, not only here, but throughout the length and breadth of Canada—Captain W. HUNTINGDON and Cadet HANCOCK.

Strathroy.—It was with feelings of mingled joy and sadness that we took the hand of our dear comrade, Captain Barber, and bid her good-bye last Sunday night. She is going on rest, and we shall miss her very much, but feeling she needs rest we can say with our whole heart, "God bless her!". The farewell meeting was very impressive, especially her charge to the comrades to be true, be true, be true to God, and with full hearts we say "Amen."—Band-Sergeant YAGER, S.C.

Hamilton I.—Hallelujah! Sunday, beautiful times; large crowds around the open-air. Inside crowd not so good on account of weather, but the ear of the Lord was not heavy, neither was His arm shortened, for He heard the cry of two penitents on Sunday night and one on Monday night. Others are very miserable on account of their sins. Our prayer is that they may end their misery at the Cross. Daily communion keeps the fire brightly burning in our own souls.—Lieutenant COWDEN for Captain FRENK.

Comber.—Since taking hold here after the June Congress, God has been blessing and helping us. Four precious souls have cried unto God for mercy. Praise God.

Three good cases yesterday (Sunday). God was with us, and blessed us in our own souls. The devil tried to get us discouraged in the afternoon, as we had no one who could lead the singing on the march; but God helped us, and sent a brother along who could sing. At night we had a wonderful time, soldiers went in for victory failed with God, and at the close we had the joy of seeing one soul come to God. May He save many more.—Lieutenant MITCHELL, for Captain CRAWFORD.

Hamilton II.—We are plodding away here doing our utmost for God and the Salvation Army war. We have moved into a better hall in a better locality for our work. We are having some good times in the open-air, where we do most of our week-night work.

The other night after having over a dollar thrown on the drum, a gentleman handed us a two-dollar bill as we marched off to our hall. The former Sergeant-Major, who had backslidden, returned to God the other night, and with tears promised God to do his first works over again.

We visit the House of Refuge every Thursday, and hold a meeting with the inmates, and as we look at them, some diseased, some blind, and some lame, and as we talk to them, we find that with very few exceptions sin has brought them to poverty in their old age. One sister, paralyzed and unable to walk a step, was saved some time since through the meetings, and is an enrolled soldier. She looks eagerly for the WAR CRY, which we take her every week. We are going on to victory, for God is for us.—Captain GIBBS.

Owen Sound District.—I have just closed a trip to Chesley, Wiarton, and Barrow Bay. We had good meetings at each place, with one soul at the Bay. Chesley has lately lost a few good stand-bys, they having removed to other parts. Brother Bott and his daughter, the hallelujah midget, have gone, also Sister Blakley. We hope she will soon be in the Training Garrison.

Our comrades from Owen Sound came over to Wiarton to represent District Headquarters—nine of us in all. They will not readily forget that march on the hill, neither that open-air in front of the Pacific Hotel. $2 35 was given in the collection. We had a wonderful meeting following the above. I never enjoyed myself better, and others say the same.

The band left about eleven o'clock for their autumn trip, and after suffering a few inconveniences with their horses arrived safely nearly daylight. Sunday stopped over for next night. Lieutenant Parker is holding the fort alone just now, but God is with him.

At Owen Sound since we last wrote, the gleaners have reaped and were greatly appreciated. Father M— of this town has

A JUBILEE GARDEN IN HONOUR OF THE GENERAL.

The people do not forget our dear General's visit when he was here before, and the question goes forth, "Will he come again, or when will the Commandant come?"

We do a lot of open-air fighting just now and get good hearing, and much conviction is seen.

A sister has lately got saved on what was thought to be her death-bed, but God is restoring her to health again, and we hope she will be a soldier.

The following are the targets set for the corps in this district, and by the help of God we have also united our faith the one with the other, and have said it shall be done:

	Souls.	Soldiers.	Candidates.
Owen Sound	50	35	2
Chesley	34	25	2
Wiarton	35	25	1
	119	85	5

—Ensign GOODWIN.

Newmarket.—"Forward" is our motto, and forward our soldiers mean to go. We are having some hard fighting around this circle, but best of all God is with us.

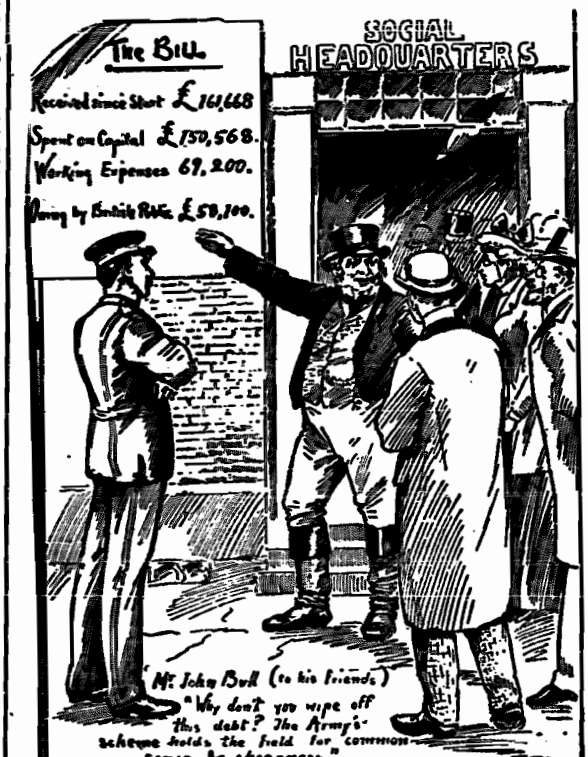
On Saturday night Cadet Keeler farewelled for the Children's Shelter. She has fought well while a soldier in this corps, and we wish her God speed in her new sphere of work.

Sunday was a good day to our souls. God was with us. Conviction was stamped on many a face; three held up their hands for prayer.

Our comrades at No. III. report a good time. A comrade of the London corps was with us at Bradford, which is an outpost from Holland Landing. A good time was enjoyed. At night the Temperance Hall at Holland Landing was full. We are praying for a harvest of souls.—Lieutenant RADBURN.

St. Thomas.—We are again able to report victory in this part of God's vineyard. We had a big time here on the 12th. Being in debt quite a bit for the repairing of the barracks we decided to have a dinner on that day. Thank God it was quite a success. We made about eighty dollars by it altogether; also we were blessed with the presence of our D. O., Major Calhoun, and Staff-Captain Collier. God bless them. This week-end the meetings have been very good, resulting in the salvation of two seniors and three juniors. Praise God. This makes four seniors and four juniors since last report. We praise God for the droppings and are believing for the showers.—Cadet CHARLES STEVENSON for Captain JUNKIN.

St. John, N.B.—A few soldiers from Nos. II. and III. corps of St. John, started to Hampton to hold meetings on Saturday night and Sunday. We started in to deal out the truths just as soon as we arrived, by holding an open-air on one of the corners, after which we went to the hall that our friend, Dr. Smith, had kindly lent us for the occasion. We brought the power of God to bear on those who were present, by getting the Christian friends of the place to witness for the Saviour. We then testified and told how God had saved us from sin. Secretary White read a portion of Scripture, after which Sergeant-Major Sellen drew in the net. We had to close, trusting God for victory, which we had on the following afternoon, when we had the pleasure of seeing two souls kneeling at the mercy-seat, and they testified as they stood up pardoned. In the evening we came up believing God would be with us, and were not deceived. Many were under deep conviction on account of sin. We found many kind friends of the Army who seemed so anxious to know if the Army were going to open another corps in the town, as they had one before, but it was disbanded. We left on Monday, promising that we would come back in the near future, and spend Sunday with them.—J. MURRAY, for Sergeant-Major SELLEN.



The Temple, Toronto.—Brigadier de Barritt had been announced to be with us on Sunday. Our leader was in high spirits.

"What is the order of the day, Captain?" and soon the question was answered:

"Open-air at 10:15 a.m. in St. John's Ward."

At the appointed time the drum and concertina were heard; people rushed to their doors to hear the glad news of salvation. Then we were sent two and two in every direction to have a time to ourselves. First we spoke, and a listener could easily hear a half-dozen giving their testimony at the same time, then at a signal from the Brigadier, all down on our knees together, and voices could be heard everywhere crying to God to save the people. Fall in, and soon we are off to the barracks, headed by the band, God bless them. How the fire burned, and enthusiasm ran high as they played,

"I'm glad I am a soldier."

We found a nice crowd had gathered at the Temple. The Brigadier was assisted by the Revs. Mr. Baker and Mr. Dougias, who were delegates to the great Baptist Convention, also Mrs. Staff-Captain Jewer and Ensign Mrs. Langley. In the afternoon meeting, a special collection was asked for, and we found three silver dollars amongst the smaller coins. A Toronto gentleman sent up two two-dollar bills, which caused a bright smile to light up the Captain's face.

Six-thirty p.m. found Captain, Lieutenant, band and soldiers on the corner of Yonge and Wilton Avenue. Soon the Brigadier came along. The crowd kept increasing until the streets were blocked; if a rig came along, the crowd good-naturedly made room for it to pass. The policeman smiled, and everything went grandly. Collection time came; one woman had no money, but gave her purse. A man handed up an American dollar, and at the same time elbowed his way into the ring and shouted his praises to God and of the work of the grand old Salvation Army. Then the band played while the people showed their love for us by throwing their collection on the old drum we had taken for the purpose. There were quarters, ten-cent and five-cent pieces, and a lot of coppers. We fell in for the march. Oh, glory to God, how our souls bounded with rapture and joy. The crowd followed; to the Temple they came, and it was the most beautiful Salvation meeting for power and conviction I have ever felt or seen. Mrs. de Barritt gripped the crowd, and many were made to feel their condition before God. At the close, two men got saved. At nine-thirty we went again to the open-air, the band still sticking to it. We closed a blessed day at about 10:30 p.m.—Lieutenant SHEARD, for Captain SAVAGE.

Excursion to Walpole Island.—Thursday, July 19th, was the date of the excursion. Days before we paraded the town with a large transparency on a dray lent by a soldier, an accordian and drum being played inside by Captain and a boy we picked up, your humble servant steering the concern. Big march the night before excursion. Cadet Hancock inside large transparency carrying it along, the small one being borne on the head of the drummer. Quite a rousing march and open-air. Thursday morning, beautiful weather; shipping goods for excursion. We started from Dresden about half-past seven with the band on the top deck of the boat playing,

"We are out on the ocean sailing."

We called at Taperville, and took on Brother Boyd, the six footer, and company, also calling at Keith and Wallaceburg, joined here by Captain Dean, Lieut. Petit and crew. We also had with us Captain Huntingdon and Cadet Hancock. We had a happy time, plenty of music and singing, arriving at Walpole about 12 o'clock. Was met here by Captain Oliver from Marine City. After partaking of a little dinner we had a rousing open-air on the island, attended by a large crowd (several hundred had arrived by the pleasure steamboat from Detroit). The nightingale (Lieut. Petit) sang a solo, accompanied by guitar and autoharp. Collection, $2 40. Sold all the WAR CRYS we had with us, after which we boarded the boat and went over to Port Lambton. We then made for home. Everybody, I believe, enjoyed themselves. The band did well. The excursion was a success.—Capt. LEE and Lieut. DOVER.

Moose Jaw.—On Thursday one dear girl left the service of sin and came over on the Lord's side, and is doing well, also the long-looked for meetings to be led by Major and Mrs. Read, have come and gone; but the blessings through God they brought remain with us, through which we will be better soldiers in future. On Friday, the 20th, we had a hallelujah wedding. The contracting parties, Brother Smythe and Sister Hall were well and truly married. The Rev. Mr. Stacey tied the legal knot, and also spoke kindly of the Salvation Army work and ceremony. On Saturday the Major enrolled under the flag four recruits in the open-air; a very interested crowd listened, and also helped liberally in the collection.

In the hall the Major had a very interesting WAR CRY meeting. While speaking about the Norwegian *Cry* an unsaved man, at the Major's request, read the name and sang a solo from its pages. We are hoping to see him saved, as he would make a good soldier. Sunday we had a good Holiness meeting, was a real time of blessing, when three comrades sought victory and got it. In the afternoon Mrs. Read spoke on Social Work, and although not feeling well and the heat being intense, God enabled her to interest and enlighten those present in the Salvation Army work, and in spite of hard times $1.80 was given for Rescue work.

At seven we meet again for Soldiers' meeting, every one was blessed and helped. At eight at the hall for another public meeting, where Mrs. Read declared Brother and Sister Snoddie's little girl to the Lord. Mrs. Read also read the lesson, especially expounding the words of St. Paul: "For me to live is Christ, and to die, gain. The meeting was disturbed a little by the people getting frightened at a thunderstorm coming up. We pray they may in time get converted and escape the storm of God's wrath.—Captain COLLIERS.

Chatham, N.B.—Thank God we're getting a bit of a "move on." Two souls have been seeking mercy, one seemed to get through all right, the other wasn't willing to be a soldier, so we're afraid didn't get through. A blessed Soldier's meeting. The Sergeant-Major got the blessing of a clean heart. We're looking for another good time to-night.—MRS. Ensign BRADLEY.

SERGEANT A. HENDERSON,
War Cry Boomer, Ottawa.

Ottawa, July 23rd, 1894.

Major Complin, Toronto, Ontario,

Dear Major,—I am sending you the photo of our Ottawa War Cry boomer. The following are the numbers she has sold:

"War Cry" No. 40, sold 117.
" No. 41, " 53.
" No. 42, " 100.

She is a real brick, not afraid to go any place, nor tackle any man.

T. Coombs, Ensign.

P.S.—We had a good fight yesterday—a dance and four souls.

Bradford.—It was learned that the Orangemen were to spend the day at Bradford, which happens to be one of our outposts, so Captain Garrett decided that we should take advantage of the opportunity and go over and attack the enemy, so Sergeant-Major Young, of Holland Landing, kindly undertook to drive us out to Bradford. Arriving there we began to wonder if it were worth our while having a meeting. After much doubting and fearing we got down on our knees and asked our great Captain to lead us, so we marched forth with drum and fife pealing forth melodious strains of Salvation music. We pitched battle in front of an hotel and began to fire away. After praying for help Lieutenant Redburn began firing from the heavy gun. The small guns were brought into action; many were wounded. Everybody gathered around the despised few and wondered what was up. One man wanted to know if this wasn't the 12th July. "Yes," said Lieutenant, "we've not changed it, but we're celebrating it." This seemed to please the man. Another asked the Captain something, but the Captain replied he couldn't answer it because he hadn't been to college to study theology. Some wanted us to sing; others wanted Lieutenant to play "Protestant Boys" on his fife, but he would not do it. So after thanking God for His help we adjourned to the barracks, where the sisters provided a splendid tea inside.

At 7:30 we marched out again. The gatling guns were used mostly this time, which played havoc, and made the devil rage and show himself in the faces of his many victims which were around us.

We felt, after travelling eight miles home again, and not reaching home till 12:15 p.m., that it was good to serve God.—Lieutenant S. Redburn.

Vancouver.—I intimated in the last report that there was to be a hallelujah wedding here in the near future, and that desirable event, which fetched nearly all the officers of the Coast together, has come and gone. The high contracting parties were Bandmaster John McDonald and Miss Mary Louie Welch, both of this corps, and they consented for the advancement of God's Kingdom, to be married publicly, and allow the proceeds of admission to be devoted to the Food and Shelter Scheme. The barracks were nicely dressed with evergreens. And the proceedings were commenced with a rousing march, headed by the band. The open-air was led by Captain Smith in her usual happy style. Some hot Gospel shot was fired into the great crowd that stood around.

Adjutant Archibald spoke briefly—with no uncertain sound—on strict salvation lines, that every man who is not saved, is inevitably lost.

On reaching the barracks, we found it pretty well filled, at twenty-five cents per ticket.

The principals received a great ovation when they stepped on the platform, supported by Bandsman Mathiews and Sister Nichols, led by Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald. The meeting went like rolling off a log, in regular Salvation style. Duets by Captain Patton and Lieutenant Corlett, and Lieutenant Gooding and Sister Hirst; chorus by Captain Massecar, and the cream-colored satin dress, with train, and the rich, white veil, trimmed with

BRUSSELL'S LACE AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS,

were all conspicuous by their absence. But what will go a great deal farther towards a happy home, the bride gave a clear-cut testimony of the saving and keeping power of God, and was dressed like the sensible young woman she is, in the plain, blue uniform, of the Army; so too was Sister Nichols, whilst the groom and his best man were in their band uniform. And there was no sham or nonsense about it, all was real.

We have much pleasure in congratulating Bandmaster and Mrs. McDonald on their mutual good choice, and predict for them a happy future, and pray that God may bless them and make them a power for good, whilst He is as a wall of fire round about them. The Archbishop of Canterbury might envy the coolness of the Adjutant in the performance of his very pleasant duty of making two into one.

Mrs. Archibald then addressed the meeting in a very feeling way, urging all to get right with God. The Adjutant wound up with a strong appeal for the Food and Shelter Scheme.

After the close of one of the most interesting meetings that we ever attended, we came to the conclusion that the Salvation Army is one of the best places in the world to get a wife.—E. Higgins.

The man who appears before God with his armor brightly polished, his sword unbroken, need not try to make Him believe he was in the war.

New S. A. Watches. Price $8. Waltham movement, dust-proof case, stem-winder, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. Crest engraved on back. Order at once.

Christiana, Norway, has only one church for 13,000, while Copenhagen averages only one church for 26,000 people—where art thou, S.A.?

Money to Loan. — Friends having large or small amounts to loan, at low interest, on good security, should write at once to The Financial Secretary, Salvation Temple, Toronto.

"The reason why so many are tongue-tied in their devotions to God is because they are hide-bound in their hearts; their words stick in their mouths because they have no form in their hearts."—Spencer.

You should wear Regulation Uniform. —The way to get it is to write to the Trade Secretary for samples of Dress Goods and Self-Measurement Forms, and order at once. Great variety in Serges and Cashmeres. Try Headquarters!

The British regular army, at the end of last year, numbered 220,000 men of all ranks, including 80,349 reserves. If the Canadian Salvation Army reserves would arouse and come to the front the regulars might have a chance to get their breath.

We have made arrangements with the manufacturers, and are now selling autoharps at the following rates:

						FROM
No.	1—21 strings,	3 bars,	producing	3 chords	.....	$ 4 00
"	2—23 "	4 "	"	4 "	.....	5 00
"	2½—23 "	5 "	"	5 "	.....	5 50
"	3—23 "	4 "	"	9 "	.....	11 00
"	4—23 "	5 "	"	11 "	.....	15 00
"	5—23 "	5 "	"	12 "	.....	20 00
"	6—23 "	6 "	"	15 "	.....	27 00

COAL AND WOOD.

The Social Wing of the Salvation Army can supply you with the right article at the right price. By dealing with us you enable us to help the needy. Express orders taken. Furniture removed. Yard and Office: corner Wilton Avenue and Victoria Street. 'Phone 761. Branch Office: corner Lippincott and Ulster Streets. 'Phone 2055.

Our Branch Coal and Wood Office is at the corner of Lippincott and Ulster Streets. Prompt and careful attention to all orders.

HAVE YOU READ
"Perfect Love,"
By REV. J. A. WOOD?

It is the book you should read. You can obtain it from the Trade Secretary at $1.00 per copy.

N E W !

Now Ready for Sale.

MEN'S CRIMSON CASHMERE BLOUSES

Made of fine material. Just the thing you want for summer. We make them in three qualities, at

$1.75, $2.00 and $2.25 each.

When ordering send size of neck with order.

LOST FRIENDS' COLUMN.

To the Distressed.

The Salvation Army invites parents, relations and friends, in any part of the world, interested in any woman or girl who is known or feared to be living in immorality, or is in danger of coming under the control of immoral persons, to write, stating full particulars, with names, dates and addresses of all concerned, and, if possible, a photograph of the person in whom the interest is taken.

We shall charge 50 cents for two advertisements (25 cents for one) of not more than five lines each. One dollar will be charged for anything above this and not exceeding ten lines. This is necessary to pay expenses of time and printing.

We are prepared to receive inquiries from any person. The *fullest possible* particulars should always be given in correspondence relating to these inquiries so as to avoid delays and expense. The number of the advertisement should in every case be quoted.

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential and must be addressed to Herbert H. Booth, Commandant, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

Note.—Don't forget that the sum of fifty cents must be sent with each case before it can be dealt with. This will save much trouble.

Persons making inquiries for lost friends through our Inquiry Department will kindly remember to keep us posted in the event of *changing their address*. This is most important.

1622 **Trowbridge, Henry.** Last heard of at the Liverpool Docks England. Twenty-one years ago he worked on the railroad. His daughter, Annie Clare Trowbridge, who left England seventeen or eighteen years ago, is very anxious to hear from him. Address Burleigh Falls, Burleigh, Ontario. English Crys please copy.

1635 **Hennessey, Alice.** Native of Tunis, Arabia. Last heard of 29 years ago. Age about 67. Anyone knowing anything of him, whether living or dead, please write at once to Mrs. David Massey, Connolly's House, Orange St., St. John, N.B. All Crys please copy.

1634 **Waite, David.** Went to New Zealand 20 years ago last December. Has not been heard from for 19 years. His address then was Invercargill P. O. He is very tall, dark complexion, age 57. Left a wife and three children. His sister, Mrs. T. Bailey, Paris, Ont., is very anxious. Australian and New Zealand Crys please copy.

1425 **Lipscombe, Stephen.** Left Brighton in 1886. Last address, in May, 1893, was Centre Ave., West Winnipeg, Man. Age 60 medium height, full beard turning grey, tailor by trade. There is a young son who is a shoemaker. Daughter enquires.

1426 **Walker, Captain.** Left England in 1888 for the slum work in Canada. A native of Ireland. A comrade enquires.

1427 **Brownlow, Thomas Jonathan.** Left England in June, 1869. A carriage painter by trade, but he also sold sewing machines. His last address, in 1882, was Leamington P.O., Ont. He had also lived in Collingwood, where he owned a small house on Robinson St. He is married and when last heard from had one little boy. Age 52, fair complexion, dark hair, one foot small, walks lame. Only sister enquires.

1428 **Welsh, Edward.** Left home about five years ago. Supposed to be in Winnipeg. Age 23, height 5 feet 8, dark hair and moustache, labourer. Has been to H. M. Army. Native of Cheltenham, Eng.

1429 **Going or Gowan, John.** Age 32, fair complexion, rather stout, slightly bow-legged. Left Sligo in May, 1887, for Canada. Used to preach, was also a great walker and a good musician. Very much inclined to travel. When last heard of was visiting Mr. A. Ham, cattle merchant, Chicago.

1430 **Going, Joseph Aloysius** (alias **Burgess**). Age 26, fair, blue eyes. Left British Navy and joined the American Navy. Name of last ship "Juniata." Travelled with his brother John in a vessel from Quebec to Montreal.

1431 **Henley, Lizzie.** Age 24, short, fair hair, blue eyes. Last known address c.o. Mrs. W. Moore, 189 Hughson St., Hamilton. Parents have written but received no answer.

1391 **Chapman, Richard.** Left Belfast, Ireland, about 29 years ago. Last heard from about 10 years ago. Blacksmith by trade—worked for miners in Kimberly, South Africa. Also supposed to have worked in Capetown, bearded at Watertree Hotel. Age 50, height 5 feet 9 inches, dark sandy hair, dark eyes. Anyone having information please write Mrs. Chapman, 287 Broadview Ave., Toronto, Ont. African Cry please copy.

1432 **Price, William.** Age 54, height 5 feet 7. Last heard from in 1870, from Wayne County, Ont. Supposed to be a warden in some prison. Was thinking of joining the Freemasons. Brother George enquires.

1433 **Moore, Thomas.** Age about 45, tailor by trade. Joined the S. A. in London and went to Canada. Had formerly lived in Cork, Ireland. His sister enquires.

1434 **Murphy, William.** Left London in 1885 and was heard from in 1889, when he was working at the Wilber Iron Mines, in Ontario. Age 29, height 5 feet 3 inches, fair hair, brown eyes. Two years ago a man from the mines called to see his parents and said he was doing well, was foreman at a mine and had married a Salvationist. They had written to the mines but received no reply.

1435 **Thomas, Alexander E. (Sandy).** Mason by trade and can do agricultural work. Age 32, dark hair and eyes. Last wrote in May, 1888, from Brantford, Ont. Letters have been sent to P. O. and returned. His home was in Wales. Parents enquire.

1436 **Stockford, John Albert.** Formerly of Hibernia, Queen's County, New Brunswick, will learn something to his advantage by communicating with his mother, Mrs. Stockford, Hibernia, Queen's County, N.B. Mr. Stockford is about 48 years of age, height 5 feet 10 inches, brown hair, blue eyes, rather deaf. Anyone having any information please write at once.

1437 **Glover, Charlie.** Left his home on June 6th and went west. Wore black hat, grey pants, black stockings, laced boots, brown coat, age 13 years. Information leading to his whereabouts will be rewarded by William Glover, Campbellton, N.B.

1438 **Stone, John.** Last heard of about three years ago. Was then working in a Toronto piano factory. His brother George is anxious. Address 102 Bond Street.

1439 **Murray, James.** Native of Edinburgh, Scotland. Age 23. Left Glasgow in 1886 for Winnipeg, Man.,—employed in Brunswick Hotel. Went to work on Hudson Bay Railroad in 1887. Not heard from since. Any information thankfully received by his brother, W. D. Murray, c.o. D. O'Donnell, Chatham, Ont.

Now Ready!

"FROM VICTORY TO VICTORY,"

The latest Yearly Report. Per copy, 10 cents. Post free!

TEXTS AND MOTTOES

Boldly stamped in Silver Letters on Dark Ground. Beautiful and unsurpassed for wall decoration for Barracks, Quarters, Homes, Hospitals, etc. Write for Special Price List.

M. MEDIUM SHIELDS.

Size, 6 x 8½ inches. Price, 12½c. each.

Your life is hid with Christ, etc.
It is God that girdeth me, etc.
Show me Thy way, O Lord, etc.
Come unto Me and I will give you rest.
I am the Way, the Truth, and the life.
Casting all your care upon Him, etc.

N. STAR SERIES.

15c. each; two for 25c.

The Lord will go before you.
He is able to keep you.
Christ shall give thee light.
Ye shall abide in My love.
He will be our Guide.
We trust in the living God.

O. FAN SERIES.

Size, 8 x 8½ in. Price, 15c each; two for 25c.

Rejoice in the Lord alway.
Teach me to do Thy will.
We would see Jesus.
Christ hath redeemed us.

H. SILVER BELL SERIES.

Size, 5 x 6½ inches. Price, 10c. each.

My grace is sufficient for thee.
Christ has made us free.
The Lord is my Shepherd.
He is faithful that promised.
Give thanks unto the Lord.
With my song will I praise Him.

I. OXFORD TEXTS.

Size, 5 x 6½ inches. Price, 10c. each.

He is faithful that promised.
Underneath are the everlasting arms.
His Banner over me was love.
He satisfieth the longing soul.
Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.
Commit thy ways unto the Lord.

Have You Read The Latest?

WHAT?

Why the Yearly Report for 1894, "From Victory to Victory." Only 5 cts.

S. A. LIBRARY.

Add to your Bookcase the following:

The Backwood's Preacher	$ 40
" " " (later edition).	70
Life-Sketches of the Late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (cloth)	1 00
Reminiscences of Isaac Marsden	40
Natural Law in the Spiritual World.—Prof. Drummond............	1 00
Cruden's Bible Concordance..........	1 00
Billy Bray (cloth)................	40
Wesley's Notes on the New Testament..	70
" " " " " ..	1 25
Annual Report, 1894...............	5
Revival Sermons and Addresses by Caughey....................	1 25
Perfect Love.—Rev. Wood...........	1 00

MUSICAL SALVATIONISTS.

General's Jubilee Number.

His Yoke is Easy. Jesus Lives. Take it all. Come, Holy Ghost. From the Regions of Woe. The Lord will Pardon You. Warning Voices.

Coming Events

THE COMMANDANT

with the Naval Brigade will visit and conduct great Salvation Demonstrations at the following places:

SIMCOE, Saturday, and Sunday, August 11th and 12th.
*BRANTFORD, Monday, August 13th.
ST. THOMAS, Thursday, August 14th.
WINDSOR, Friday, August 24th.
CHATHAM, Saturday and Sunday, August 25th and 26th.
TILBURY CENTRE, Monday, August 27th.
WALLACEBURG, Tuesday, August 28th.
DRESDEN, Wednesday, August 29th.

* The Naval Brigade will not accompany the Commandant here.

MRS. BOOTH

will conduct Special Demonstrations in Western Ontario

STRATFORD, Thursday, August 16th.
STRATHROY, Friday, August 17th.
PETROLIA, Saturday and Sunday, August 18th and 19th.

Mrs. Booth will be accompanied by Brigadier Margetts, Ajutant Jones, and all the surrounding officers and soldiers. Look out for local announcements.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE,

under the command of a special Staff Officer, travelling on the Army's special cruiser, the "William Booth," will visit and conduct Salvation Demonstrations at the following places:

PORT DOVER, August 10th.
SIMCOE, August 11th, 12th and 13th.
PORT STANLEY (Afternoon), August 14th.
ST. THOMAS, August 14th.
HIGHGATE (Evening), August 15th.
RIDGETOWN, August 16th.
BLENHEIM, August 17th.
WHEATLEY, August 18th.
LEAMINGTON, August 19th.
KINGSVILLE, August 20th.
AMHERSTBURG, August 21st.
DETROIT, August 22nd and 23rd.

Names of places printed in this type will be visited by the Commandant.

THE TORONTO PROVINCE.

Look this way. **Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt**, assisted by Ensign and Mrs. Turner, will conduct great Camp Meetings in Toronto Province as follows: Corbet's Point, August 2nd to 12th; Fenelon Falls, August 14th to 20th; Uxbridge August 22nd to 27th; Toronto, August 29th to September 12th. A real red hot series of meetings will be arranged for, comprising musical meetings, holiness meetings, and salvation meetings, to wind up with a real candidates' boom. All candidates to report themselves to Brigadier de Barritt. Brass and string bands to the front. Tents for hire at reasonable rates.

Tour of the Jubilee Brigade in the Central Ontario Province, under **Mrs. Ensign Turner**.—Lindsay, Aug. 11th, 12th and 13th; Omemee, August 14th and 15th; Orillia, August 17th, 18th and 19th; Gravenhurst, August 20th and 21st; Bracebridge, August 22nd and 23rd; Huntsville, August 24th, 25th and 26th; Parry Sound, August 27th, 28th and 29th; Midland, August 30th and 31st; Barrie, September 1st and 2nd; Newmarket, September 3rd; Toronto, September 4th.

THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

Brigadier Jacobs will conduct Camp Meetings at Sussex from Saturday, August 7th, to Tuesday, August 14th. Brigadier Jacobs, Staff-Captain Howell and other officers. Single fare from any I.C.R. station. Get the usual standard certificate.

Proposed tour for **Lieutenant Pugh**, C. R. M. R.—Charlottetown, August 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th; Georgetown, August 14th and 15th; Pictou, N.S., August 16th and 17th; North Sydney, C.B., August 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st; Sydney, August 22nd and 23rd; New Glasgow, N.S., August 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th; Stellarton, August 28th and 29th; Westville, August 30th and 31st; Pugwash, September 1st and 2nd; Amherst, September 3rd, 4th and 5th; Sackville, September 6th and 7th.

THE WESTERN PROVINCE.

Fierce onslaughts, terrific encounters, desperate battles, cries for mercy, open-air manoeuvres, happy marches, war, victory and glory. Major and Mrs. Read at Victoria, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, August 11th, 12th and 13th. The Major will bring with him a trunk of Army uniform and literature, and all candidates should make themselves known to either Mrs. Read or the Major. This is important.

THE EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

Adjutant Magee's Tour.—Napanee, Thursday and Friday, August 7th and 10th; Odessa, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, August 11th, 12th and 13th.

On Monday, August 13th, the S.A. will run an excursion from Prescott, Ogdensburg and Brockville to Alexander Bay. Fare 50c. Refreshments can be procured on the boat.

THE WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

Brigadier Margetts.—Listowel, August 10th.

Proposed tour for **Captain Creek** through West Ontario Province.—St. Marys, August 15th and 16th; Stratford, August 17th 18th and 19th; Mitchell, August 20th and 21st; Seaforth, August 22nd, 23rd and 24th; Bayfield, August 25th, 26th and 27th; Goderich, August 28th, 29th and 30th; Clinton, September 1st, 2nd and 3rd; Wingham, September 8th, 9th and 10th; Brussels, September 11th and 12th; Listowel, September 13th and 14th; Palmerston, September 15th, 16th and 17th.

NIAGARA FALLS CAMP MEETINGS.

Any soldier in the city desiring a few days outing, or taking their summer vacation, can be accommodated with a tent at Niagara Falls for a week or ten days upon application to Brigadier de Barritt, corner of Lippincott and Ulster Streets, free of charge, or any party of Salvationists wishing to take a few days outing can be provided with camping outfit.

This is a splendid opportunity of securing a few days outing at the world-renowned Niagara Falls, and also doing something special for God at the camp meetings. If you have decided to go, apply for a tent at once.

HARVEST FESTIVAL DATES.

CANADA, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 1st, 2nd and 3rd.
NEWFOUNDLAND, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 29th and 30th and October 1st.

THANKS.

The Commissioner desires to gratefully acknowledge the following Gifts and Donations towards the Social Wing:

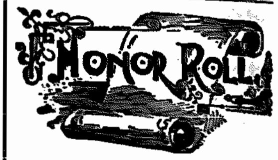
VICTORIA RESCUE HOME.—Mrs. Bull, $1; Brother McIntosh, $1; Bro. Cunningham, $1; Friends, $2.50; Mrs. Fike, pie and bread; Mrs. Holcroft, groceries; Mrs. McGraw, groceries; Mr. Goodacre, meat; Mr. Mitchell, meat; Mr. Smith, bread; Corps Officers, groceries; Mrs. Larue, butter; Mr. Clark, eggs and butter; Mr. Salt, buttermilk; So and So, $1; Mrs. Enright, $1; Scotch Bakery, bread; Liverpool Bakery, bread; Mr. Goodacre, meat; B. C. Market, meat; Mrs. Cornish, eggs; Friend, oatmeal.

ST. JOHN'S RESCUE HOME.—Captain Jost, clothing; Mr. Robertson, $5; Messrs. Brydon & Morton, bed clothing; Mrs. Doctor Barnes, clothing and $2; Capt. Baldwin, clothing and meat; Mrs. Henderson, clothing; Mrs. T. Chaney, $1 and loaf of bread; Sergt. L. Rumsey, cake and pie; Cadet Cave, $2; Mrs. D. Morrison, cooking stove; Sergt. Mrs. Hemstring, bed room set; Sergt. Mrs. Eddy, food and clothing; Mrs. Soper, a cloak; Sergt. Janes, food; Bro. Read, food; Brother Simpson, $2; Lady Thorburn, clothing; Mrs. Porters, food; Mrs. Greaves, clothing; Mrs. Cook, clothing; Mrs. Hopkins, food; Mrs. Richards, food; Sergt. Mrs. King, crockeryware; Mrs. McCowtry, crockeryware; Mrs. Chancey, crockeryware and a basket of groceries; Mr. R. Chancey, bag of biscuit; Mrs. Eddy, eggs; Sergt. B. Embery, fruit and clothing; Capt. Payne, 40c; A Friend, cake and fruit; A Friend, cheese and buns; Mrs. R. Chancey, milk.

MONTREAL RESCUE HOME.—Mrs. Mills, 50c; Mr. Sadler, 15c; A. C. Matthews, $1; Mr. Bastien, 25c; Mr. Colby, $1; W. J. K., 25c; A. M., 25c; Geo. W. Reed, $2; D. Nicholson, 25c; 274 N., 50c; Newbury, 5c; H. M., $1; W. A. Hodgson, 50c; J. Nelson, 25c; Mr. Roberts, 50c; Mr. Angus, 50c; Mrs. McCoy, cake and buns; Mr. J. S. Wylie, bread; Mr. Armitage, milk; Mr. Joyce, cakes; St. Lawrence Market friends, vegetables and meat; Friends, fish.

We are much obliged to the thoughtful friend who writes to Mrs. Booth as follows:—Visiting my friends in the country they gave me a few things for the Children's Shelter and the sick officers. Distribute them as you think they are needed.—CHRISTINA WILKINSON, 117 John Street, Toronto.

One dollar for Children's Shelter from a friend.



Fred Young, St. Catharines	72
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John's III	60
Lieut. Hill, Brockville	58
Capt. Johnson, Moncton, N.B.	54
Mrs. Ensign Moore, Windsor, Ont	54
Fred Young, St. Catharines	52
Mrs. Ensign Moore, Windsor, Ont	50
Sergt. Mrs. Bowcock, Lippincott	50
Sergt. Westover, Orillia	41
Capt. Markle, Huntsville	38
Ensign Arkett, St. Catharines	36
Mrs. Medlock, Lisgar Street	35
Ensign Moore, Windsor, Ont.	33
Sister Hatfield, Yarmouth	33
Capt. McKenzie, Parry Sound	30
Mrs. Stickells, Lisgar Street	30
Sergt. Bowers, Lisgar Street	28
Sergt. Mrs. Russell, Brockville	20
Brother Bailey, Moncton, N.B.	19
Capt. Will, Windsor, Ont.	17
Mary Carruthers, Parry Sound	15
Cadet Pinnell, Lisgar Street	12
Cadet Worr, Lisgar Street	11

THE HARVEST FESTIVAL

CANADA,
September 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

NEWFOUNDLAND,
September 29th, 30th and October 1st.

THE SONG WAR.

TUNE—*Begone, vain world, thou hast no charms for me.*

1 Oh, come, dear Lord, my soul cries out to Thee,
From all the past I long to be set free;
A guilty, lost, and helpless soul
I to Thy Cross do flee;
Oh, save me now and give me liberty;

His grace now saves, His promise I believe,
By faith in Him the witness I receive;
His blood now cleanses me I know,
My sins He pardons free;
I'll praise Him now for what He's done for me.

His wondrous love to sinners I will tell,
His power to save them from a burning hell,
The souls that sin will surely die;
His Word proclaims it so,
My only theme, "Christ lives to save," I'll cry.

—Lieutenant A. H. C., Blenheim.

TUNE—*Cleansing for me.* (B.J., 45.)

2 Comrades together in this great fight,
Oh, let us love, oh, let us love;
While we are battling for God and the right,
Oh, let us love, oh, let us love.
Souls they are going to hell and despair,
Thousands are dying in sin everywhere;
If we would have them a crown for to wear,
Oh, let us love, oh, let us love.

(Repeat last part of each verse for chorus.)

Satan is creeping around them so sly,
Oh, let us love, oh, let us love;
Waiting to capture their souls when they die,
Oh, let us love, oh, let us love.
Low in the bottomless pit they will dwell,
Spending their time in the torments of hell;
While there is mercy, oh, then let us tell,
Oh, let us love, oh, let us love.

Far from their God they have wandered in sin,
Oh, let us love, oh, let us love;
When tempests rage they've no place to go in,
Oh, let us love, oh, let us love.
No one to keep them within the blest fold,
No hope of reaching that City of Gold;
Living in sin and misery untold,
Oh, let us love, oh, let us love.

WM. MCLAUGHLIN, S.C., Paris.

TUNE—*Shall we meet beyond the river?* (B.J. 140. S. M. I. 115.

3 Will you help us save the drunkard
Bruised and mangled by the fall?
Help us tell them of salvation
God is offering one and all.

CHORUS.

Help us, help us save the drunkard,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
Tell him of this wondrous Saviour,
Who has died to save us all.

Living out a life so wretched,
No one seems to think or care
For that poor down-fallen drunkard,
Who is nearing Satan's lair.

Soon his drinking must be over,
Soon he'll cross the chilling tide;
Can you say that you have told him
Of your Saviour crucified.

All around us see they perish,
Sinking down to dark despair;
Come, then, hasten to the rescue,
Rescue them from Satan's lair.

CADET CHAPPLE, "Lighthouse."

TUNE—*No other argument.* (B.J. 7.; S.M.I., 169.)

4 The grace of God not only makes
Our heavy burdens fall,
But is a power to free us from
Our sins' entangling thrall.

If you have been dragged down by sin
And long to rise again,
The more you struggle to resist
The more it seems in vain.

His blood will wash you white as snow,
His grace will give you strength,
And sin which took the upper place
Can wholly be erased.

Come then, ye weary souls, to Christ,
For you there still is room;
His love will make a paradise,
And heaven will be your home.

MRS. FAIRBAIRN, Hamilton I.

TUNE—*I a soldier sure shall be.* (B. B. 64. S. M. I. 41.)

5 Sinner, come to Jesus now,
At His cross for pardon bow;
Mercy's door is opened wide,
None that come will be denied.

CHORUS.

You His soldier then will be,
Happy in eternity.

Long you have despised His grace,
Oft refused Him to His face;
Yet in love He calls to-day—
Come, poor sinner, come away.

If you in your sins go on
Your last chance will soon be gone;
Mercy fled and justice come,
Awful then will be your doom.

SECOND CHORUS.

Then you'll weep, and wish to be
Happy in eternity.

CAPTAIN SIMS.

TUNE—*Down in the garden.* (B.J., 67.)

6 My Saviour, now I come to Thee,
My helplessness I feel;
At last I cry to Thee to free,
My state to me reveal.

CHORUS.

Jesus my Saviour,
I for freedom come;
Feeling now my perfect weakness,
Yet for me I know there's room.

My heart, dear Saviour, now I yield,
From self and pride set free;
A consecrated life I'll live,
Henceforth alone for Thee.

Jesus, Thy blood was shed for me,
That I might holy be;
Now help me, Lord, that life to live,
Thy holiness to see.

CAPTAIN WM. CUMMINGS.

TUNE—*I'm happy.* (B.B. 47; M S. VI. 97.)

7 Gone are the days when
I lived in selfish ease;
Gone are the days when
I only self did please.
Come is the day when
The world's great need I feel;
If I can help to stem
Its tide of sin I will.

CHORUS.

I hear them, they're calling
From the haunts of vice and sin;
They do not know that
Jesus died to make them clean.

Let every voice that
Bids me stay be still,
It is my choice
To do my Master's will.
Thou conquering Lord
Thy power on me bestow,
And give me grace
That I may always forward go.

CHORUS.

I hear them, they're calling
From the haunts of vice and sin;
I'll go and tell them
Jesus died to make them clean.

MARY HALL, Riverside.

TUNE—*Oh, Beulah Land.* (B. J. 168.)

8 There is a Saviour up on high
Who did not shrink to bleed or die,
But bore the cross for you and me
That we might be from sin set free.

CHORUS.

He'll make you clean, He'll make you clean,
And help you conquer every sin,
Your heart He'll take and make His own
If you will live for Him alone:
Then be in haste and do His will,
And tread the way up Zion's Hill.

Just now He intercedes for us,
And pleads our cause among the just,
That we poor sin-bound slaves might be
Happy through all eternity.

There is a great day coming on
When we shall have to stand alone,
And hear the Judge pronounce our doom,
"Come in, ye blest," or, "There's no room."

LIEUTENANT [illegible]